

The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year---April 18, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

INTERFERENCE

By FRANCES CAROLINE WILLEY

I had so many pleasant things to do today:
There was the welcome to my new pink rose,
A word to you, some sunlit, daily tasks,
A book of rhyme and moon-drenched fantasy to read,
And all my personal dreams—

But, just an hour ago, one came,
A peddler, to my door,
Unsteady, bleary-eyed, passionless,
With pins to sell.
I bought because my soul was sporting in the sun
And he was old.
Then, as I bought, he smiled.

I caught the tang of winds
In splendid lands that I knew nothing of;
The smell of wine and sawdust rings;
Forces in deserts and unusual seas;
Knowledge of hate and lotus loves,
And an accomplished disesteem of death.
He flung me hint of a superior laughter
And impudence of all his conscious years.

I had so many pleasant things to do today,
But, since he came, I only sit here, wondering.

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LOS ANGELES

RALPH FULLERTON-MOCINE

SELL POWER—NOT BONDS

City is Offered a Million a Year for Aqueduct Power

Power Companies Agree to Buy All the Current Generated.
People Protected. State Railroad Commission to Fix
Wholesale Price and City Council to
Control Retail Rate

Here Is the Formal Offer:

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to stand by our offers of record to purchase all the power to be generated by the aqueduct power plants.

We agree to pay the city the wholesale price to be set by the State Railroad Commission (which would amount to at least \$1,000,000 a year.)

We fully understand that the City Council will protect the people by fixing a low retail rate.

As an alternative, we have offered to enter into a co-operative arrangement with the city for the public use of our complete distributing systems for five years, the city to make all rates, all contracts with the consumers, read all meters, handle all money and collect all bills. The city to pay the companies only such sum as the State Railroad Commission will fix.

In either case the companies could only act as distributing agents for the city.

Either of these plans would materially reduce tax burdens.

Co-operation between city and companies for five years will greatly improve the city's financial standing.

This advertisement was offered to, and
refused by E. T. Earl's Express and
Tribune

WHY?

Evidently so that their readers may not
know the TRUTH.

Yours Respectfully,

Southern California Edison Company,

By JOHN B. MILLER, President.

Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation,

By WILLIAM BAURHYTE, Vice President.

Pacific Light and Power Corporation,

By G. C. WARD, Vice President.

THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



ROWELL'S DISAPPOINTING CANDIDACY

FROM the "Rowell Progressive League" we are in receipt of the opening arguments in favor of Chester H. Rowell's candidacy for the United States senate. Mr. Rowell claims to be one of the organizers of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, that had so much to do with the initial overthrow of the railroad political machine that was wont to dominate the state, which is altogether to his credit. But he is modestly silent as to his share in "putting a crimp" in the national administration what time he drew up the original anti-alien land law bill that was designed by the governor to teach "those fellows at Washington" how to handle the Japanese question.

Perhaps, Mr. Rowell is not overproud of this interference with our foreign relations, which is no part of a state's province. Or, possibly, he is anxious to have that portion of the state which was properly disgusted by the governor's demagoguery and rank bid for the anti-Asiatic labor vote, forget his share in the disgraceful affair. At any rate, his authorized campaign announcement is mute on the subject. Also, we have searched in vain for a reiteration of his known views in favor of subsidizing the coastwise vessel trust, which is one of Chester's approved doctrines. Yes, indeed. He would vote to give the monopoly all the way from a million to two millions a year for all time to come, which those of his would-be constituents not drawing down dividends from the shipping trust must pay, or at least, contribute their share.

Perhaps, this is true to Progressive principles, but it is so one-sided in its nature that it fails to make strong appeal to those of use who regard all subsidies as illicit attempts to mulct the many in favor of the few. We believe that Mr. Rowell excuses his liberality (at the expense of the masses) by arguing that free tolls will act as a curb on land transportation rates. This is to smile. The shipping monopoly will lower its rates just enough, and no more, to take the heavy and slow freight from the railroads, which it can easily do in the saving of \$4 a ton effected by not having to tranship across the isthmus. It can pay the \$1.20 easily and still have a margin of \$2.80 a ton to nose out the railroads. Besides, the railroads are complaining now of excessive low rates and are asking a 5 per cent increase of the interstate commerce commission. The absurdity of demanding free tolls for ship subsidy to check the rapacity of the railroads is patent.

All this aside from the ethical considerations, which ought to make strong appeal to a man of Mr. Rowell's moral upbringing and training. His advocacy of subsidies is deeply disappointing. With Knowland blackguarding the President, Heney, also, playing to the San Francisco free toll gallery, and

Shortridge wrapping the American flag about the subsidy objectives there is a hopeless outlook unless that gallant creature "Billy" Kent of the First district decides to enter the contest and make his candidacy on a platform of national honor and economic sanity.

HARD FACTS FOR TAXPAYERS

IN HIS illuminating address before the members of the Women's City Club of Los Angeles Monday, Mr. Russell H. Ballard made an authoritative statement which commanded close attention. It was in relation to the proposed price for electricity which is held out as a boon to the people in case they vote the power distribution bonds May 8. According to the proponents of the bond issue a 5-cent rate is assured when the power is available, say a year hence. Said Mr. Ballard: "The present rates for lighting and power in Los Angeles are among the lowest in the world. Three years ago the maximum lighting rate was 7 cents a kilowatt hour; last year it was 6½ cents and this year 6 cents, as established by the city. The period of rate fixing is at hand, and the results of operation for the previous year indicate that the city will be in position in effect a further reduction of half a cent, making the new rate 5½ cents a kilowatt hour."

What is the natural deduction? That whether the bonds carry or not the consumers will enjoy a 5-cent rate in another year, in the ordinary course of events and following precedents of previous years. But there would be this disadvantage to patrons if the city were the distributor: With but one power plant and a single transmission system, subject to innumerable interruptions, and with no steam plant for emergency use, it is certain that the high character of service now furnished by the companies could not be given; at least, not until all of the proposed power plants and reservoirs are constructed and in operation. It is well to remember that present service is furnished from sixteen separate hydro-electric and steam plants, with several independent transmission lines, thus assuring steady and uninterrupted flow of electricity.

At this time Los Angeles has a bonded indebtedness of \$39,000,000. Only ten more millions may be issued for public utilities, with demands for upward of thirty millions under consideration. If the \$6,500,000 power bonds are voted it will leave just \$3,500,000 available. The Tribune has assured the taxpayers that the only way to get a revenue from the \$35,000,000 already invested in the aqueduct is by authorizing the power bonds, as if increasing the burden would cause it to become easier to bear. Those opposed argue that a much saner, surer way to lighten the load is by making a temporary arrangement with the power companies that will yield a ready income without jeopardizing in any particular the rights of the people. This they would do by accepting the offer of the power companies to buy of the city all of the electricity that can be generated from the aqueduct for a period of five years (or longer if the city elects) and to pay for the power at a price to be fixed by the state railroad commission, handle it over lines already installed, covering the entire city, and retail it to consumers at rates to be fixed by the city council.

Failing this, which the council alleged was not feasible, the companies offered as an alternative to enter into a cooperative arrangement with the city whereby the municipality would fix rates, collect bills, handle all moneys, in fact, and pay the companies for the physical services rendered at a price to be named by the state railroad commission. It amounts to municipal ownership and operation with-

out any risk and without increasing the bonded indebtedness. At the end of the five-year period the city was empowered to take over the companies' distributing systems at a price to be fixed by the railroad commission. This also has been refused; the city demanded immediate relinquishment of their systems by the companies, acquiescence in which, owing to their bonding obligations, was legally impossible.

Economic waste is in the plan insisted upon by the proponents of the bond issue, a course that contemplates the erection of 40,000 more poles in the streets of Los Angeles and the tearing up of 300,000 square feet of street pavement. It is not a pleasant outlook. It means a division of the business, with a resultant loss to consumers, since it is certain that 50 per cent cannot be served so cheaply or so well as 100 per cent by the same company. It is interesting to note that Mr. Ballard told his audience that Los Angeles now enjoys a lower average rate than Pasadena despite the much-vaunted declaration to the contrary. The Los Angeles average is 3.8 per kilowatt hour to 4.4 in Pasadena. Moreover, he asserted, when the state railroad commission insists on a standard form of bookkeeping, such as the commission demands of the private companies, it will be found that a big deficit instead of a profit is created annually by the municipal lighting plant of the Crown City.

BANAL CARTOONS AND OTHER PIFFLE

WHAT may be regarded as a fair example of piffle advanced by the Hearst syndicate as argument for retention of free tolls is seen in a cartoon showing President Wilson facing Uncle Sam and saying "O course, *your* money built the canal and it is *your* canal, but—*your* ships should pay tolls the same as all the others. That's fair enough, isn't it?" Uncle Sam is portrayed scratching his head and looking perplexed. In the left background John Bull is in a paroxysm of laughter over his American cousin's slowness of perspicacity. The inference is that Mr. Wilson is bamboozling the American nation, typified by Uncle Sam, whose intellect is so less acute than the British kind that the deception sought to be practiced by the President is not readily recognized.

Waiving the dastardly reflection on the splendid American in the White House let us examine the alleged point emphasized by the banal cartoon. Uncle Sam is reassured that it is *his* money that has built the canal, but *his* ships should pay tolls the same as all others. Here is half a truth. It is *his* money, ie., the money contributed by *all* the people that has paid for the canal, but how about *his* ships that would escape tolls? Are they *his*, ie., do they belong to *all* the people who have footed the bills? Of course, they do not. They are owned by a small coterie of men, whose control of the coastwise trade is rigid. Ninety-four per cent of the ships are owned or controlled by the railroads; they have no foreign competition; the investment is paying, according to a congressional committee investigation report, 15 per cent. This is the monopoly to which the Hearsts and the Knowlands and the twinkling little Bell of the Ninth district would give in excess of a million a year for all time—at the expense of the people.

How does this liberality by Mr. Bell in the disposal of the money of the people he so wantonly misrepresents please his constituents? Are they satisfied that he shall vote away their proportion of the canal upkeep deficit so created, which they must restore to the United States treasury? We doubt it. We doubt if they have any stomach for subsidies of any nature whatsoever, and certainly not for the shipping monopoly. Moreover, there is ever the menace to our foreign relations which lies in the be-

trayal of our treaty obligations. Tinkling little Mr. Bell, ignoring the economic phase of the controversy, takes refuge in the assertion that our coastwise vessels are not subject to the treaty. Before the senate interoceanic canals committee Mr. Henry White, who as secretary of the American embassy in London began the negotiations for the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, testified that no mention was ever made throughout the conferences that coastwise ships were to be exempted or treated preferentially. Former Ambassador Choate, who conducted the London end of the Hay-Pauncefote deliberations, is even more emphatic. He states:

When we came to the negotiation of this last treaty, that of 1901, there was no question that, as between the United States and Great Britain, the canal should be open to the citizens and subjects of both on equal terms, and that it should be open on like terms to the citizens and subjects of every other state that brought itself within the category prescribed. On that point there was really nothing to discuss, and in the whole course of the negotiations there was never a suggestion on either side that the words "the vessels of commerce and war of all nations" meant anything different from the natural and obvious meaning of these words. Such language admitted of the exemption or exception of no particular kind of vessels of commerce and of war of any nation, whether of vessels engaged in foreign trade or coastwise trade, or of iron vessels or wooden vessels. The parties to the negotiation tried to use terms of the meaning of which there could be no doubt or dispute, and they meant what they said and said what they meant.

Mr. Bard attempted to bind the senate to the exemption of coastwise vessels by introducing a substitute amendment which was defeated by a vote of 42 to 27. The faith of seventy-five years, bruited by Secretary of State Henry Clay in 1826 and extending to John Hay in 1901, was thereby maintained that the canal should be a maritime highway open on terms of entire equality to the vessels of all nations. Now come brummagen statesmen of the Hearst type, aided by pettifoggers of the Knowland-Bell caliber who would ignore all precedent, read their own meaning into the treaty, make free with the hard-earned money of others, in order to subsidize a trust, and all for what? To play miserable politics. To pay off political grudges, to gain revenge, to arouse party prejudices, for the sake of personal political advancement. Faugh!

PAID THE GREAT PRICE

JUSTICE owed much to Governor Glynn when he refused to allow sentiment to sway him in deciding that the four gunmen responsible for Herman Rosenthal's death must pay the extreme penalty. The evidence was conclusive, the sentence was just, and no good reason existed for executive interference with the mandates of the law. To have commuted the punishment of the quartette of hired murderers would have been fair warning to all thugs that New York state was a good field for their form of industry. Seven members of the court of appeals went over the evidence carefully and unanimously affirmed the conviction. No new evidence was offered in behalf of the doomed men.

One of the petitioners for clemency reminded the governor that if the assassins were put to death nothing could restore them to life, which drew from the executive the obvious retort that the victim of the gunmen was in precisely that same fix. This also is the argument used by the mollicoddlers seeking to save California murderers from the consequences of their crimes. They call hanging official murder. Perhaps, so; but justifiable, nevertheless. Without retributive justice there would be little safety for society at the hands of the criminally inclined. It is ever the fear of consequences to themselves that intervenes. The prompter the hand of the law falls, and the severer, the freer the state from capital crimes.

Whether the crooked police-lieutenant shall meet the fate accorded to the four gunmen remains to be seen. His guilty connivance was clearly established at the trial which ended with his conviction, but the court of appeals has found flaws in Justice Goff's rulings and Becker has another chance for his life. He will probably save his wretched neck, seems to be the general belief, now that the four principals

have paid the extreme penalty. Whether any member of the quartette left a written confession shedding new light on the murder of Rosenthal is a matter of speculative comment. It must be admitted that Becker throughout has shown utter indifference to the rumors connecting his name with the four men who have paid the great price.

MATRIARCHY IN SUMATRA

HIDDEN away in the interior of Sumatra, protected by a range of mountains, and further, by a strip of miasmatic marsh, is the best type remaining of a system of matriarchy. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt writes of it in the current Harpers. Its followers number 1,320,000, and occupy a territory eight times the size of the Netherlands. When the Dutch first occupied Sumatra in 1599, and essayed to make friends with this mysterious kingdom ruled by women, their overtures were received with haughty disdain. It was not until 1821 that the Dutch found opportunity, through an appeal for aid from the Menangkabou themselves.

Prior to that time a group of Mohammendan missionaries had invaded the country intending to reorganize it under the strict rules of Islam. The inhabitants had espoused Mohammedanism many years before, but preserved their peculiar form of government in spite of it. The Dutch aided them, expecting to have the territory ceded to them in reward, but this was haughtily refused and another rebellion followed. Finally, after asking for schools, teachers and books, they yielded to diplomatic overtures and gave a pledge of loyalty with a large area of territory and the promise of protection against enemies and the advantages that contact with western civilization would afford.

Upon further acquaintance many interesting points of social enlightenment are discovered. Prostitution is utterly foreign to the people. No Menangkabou girl has ever been known to live an immoral life even in the harbor towns where the native and foreign women by hundreds fill the houses. All over the Dutch possessions the young men of the matriarchate mothers are found in positions of trust, where their honesty and intelligence make them towers of strength to the Dutch. Social intercourse is as free as in America; young people fall in love in a natural way and make their own choice of matrimonial partners. The bride pays for the husband, the sum varying from eighty to two hundred and fifty dollars. Divorces are obtained with ease, but the purchase money must be returned. Children inherit from the mother. Women own the land and perform most of the agricultural labor.

When the Dutch first entered the country, the numerous broad, fertile valleys were as perfectly terraced and as carefully cultivated as a park. Rice is the chief product. And what of the men? They are said to be bold and daring in appearance, as the women are noticeably resolute and independent. In former times husbands were supported by their wives and contributed nothing to the support of the family, but, latterly, many have attained "economic independence!" (What a comic, topsy-turvy world it is!) The men may be seen going to market with a Chinese umbrella under one arm, a little bird cage covered with a tasseled square of velvet in the other hand, and a cigar in the mouth. They seem the embodiment of irresponsible idleness. The Dutch officials give assurance that the first impression is deceptive. They are the warriors and hunters and hunting is still a noble pastime; elephant, rhinoceros, panther, tapir, orang-outang and python are encountered in the territory. They are bold, fearless and sagacious. Having leisure they have many games of skill, conducted by teachers. They bend and twist their bodies with such variety of pose and agility that the onlooker is breathless.

Matriarchy is a form of government all peoples are supposed to have passed through. The Indians of Arizona and New Mexico still have traces of it in their tribal customs. Both Mohammedanism and Buddhism tend to destroy it and Christianity has not restored women to a rightful place as yet. But,

surely, past history shows no new terrors from a free and natural association of men and women on terms of equality. What an interesting experiment it would be for America to try? Woman as a human being first and her other relations second in importance, just as men stand.

RUEF AND HIS PAROLE APPLICATION

POSSIBLY, it is within reason that San Francisco's former little boss, Abe Ruef, should be released from prison, on parole, but another year of incarceration would not be amiss in his case. Merely because he was the sole culprit to receive adequate punishment is not convincing reason why he should be set at liberty before his full term expires. Rather should we remember that in placing him behind the bars justice for once made no error, but was markedly discriminative. For Ruef was the *deus ex machina*, the one man chiefly responsible for the era of grafting, that cursed the northern metropolis and led otherwise upright business men into committing felonious acts, under mental protest.

More than a year has elapsed since Ruef's friends were found agitating for his release and in that time the community has abated its resentment, to a degree, of the knavish acts of the rascally attorney. No matter how many thousands of dollars of his illicit wealth are in bank, awaiting his handling, the money has done him little good what time he has been an inmate of the penitentiary; large promises have been made as to the disposition he would make of his fortune once he is freed, but we shall defer dwelling upon his proposed philanthropic plans until we see them in actual operation. "The devil was sick,—the devil a monk would be; the devil was well,—the devil a monk was he."

However, should the state prison board conclude that Ruef has expiated his sins sufficiently to be released on parole, while believing such freedom is prematurely extended the majority of the people of California will probably reflect that he is no longer a menace to the state and is at large under espionage. Any attempt at resuming his former pernicious practices will be a signal for the cancelling of his parole. Perhaps, the state board might give him his liberty simultaneously with the opening of the exposition buildings. As he is one of the freaks of San Francisco it is only fair that visitors shall get the largest return on their coastwise investment.

IN DEFENSE OF RUGBY

BECAUSE the athletic side of the University of Southern California has found Rugby football difficult to foster, owing to the fact that Pomona and Occidental Colleges play the American game, it has been decided to drop it and go back to the less interesting football. With amusing naiveté the graduate manager of the Southern California's team remarks that he believes Rugby is doomed and will have disappeared from the American colleges within five years. Possibly, but entirely improbable. Rugby, when played well, is immeasurably superior to American football, both from the point of view of the field and the benches. Anyone who watched the beautiful work of the New Zealand "Blacks" will agree that for individual play, team harmony and head work the Rugby of the antipodean visitors was a thing of beauty and a joy throughout.

We are not disposed to carp at the decision of the University of Southern California management, while deeply regretting it. The heavy handicap of seeking opponents worthy of its mettle several hundred miles away proved costly, nor were the contests calculated to arouse the fullest enthusiasm; inevitably, the attraction was unequal. With the three southern colleges playing the same game the incentive to excel will be constant and in the triangular inter-contests the home teams will find warm appreciation from well-filled benches. A plethoric treasury resulting will compensate in large part for the artistic retrogression.

Then, too, the high schools hereabouts, in the main, play the American game, thus proving feeders to the local colleges. Exceptions are the Los An-

geles high schools, most of whose crack players gravitate to Stanford or Berkeley. If the Southern California university reckons on discouraging the Rugby game in Los Angeles high, polytechnic and manual arts we fancy it will have uphill work for better Rugby material is not found elsewhere on the coast and the enthusiasm for the game is steadfast. Pasadena clings to American football as do Long Beach, Whittier, Santa Ana, Chaffee and San Diego high schools and from these teams the three colleges will gain recruits each season. If Rugby has been found wanting at the University of Southern California in its three years of trial the fault lies not in the game, but in the coaching. Rough work can be suppressed only by effective penalizing and it takes exceptionally fine stamina in a referee to keep the players within bounds by employing rigid disciplinary methods.

One physical drawback to Rugby at U. of S. C. is found in the restricted size of the athletic field, which is too narrow to permit the wings to perform to advantage. They must bear in toward center continually. The rising ground at the north end is another handicap. As for the work of the forwards, to characterize is as less open and rougher than in the American game surely is error. When played according to the rules it is the prettiest kind of open work and of intense interest to spectators. However, if the fiat has gone forth, so be it. It is U. of S. C.'s loss.

KNOWLAND'S SORDID CANDIDACY

REITERATING his partisan utterance against the President the advent of Joseph R. Knowland in Los Angeles only serves to emphasize the sordid basis of his candidacy for the United States senate. Ignoring the great question of national and international import contained in the Panama free tolls controversy, which calls for settlement on the high ground of statesmanship and patriotism, Knowland has reduced it to the low plane of petty partisan politics. As for the economic side of the argument the Alameda politician is not to be outdone in liberality by Messrs. Bell, Stephens and Kettner and the other "representatives of the people" who are ready to give a million or so in tolls yearly to the shipping trust at the expense of the masses. In the face of such advocacy Knowland has the nerve to ask the people he is helping to rob to support him for the United States senate.

He sees nothing involved but the fortunes, politically, of the party in power and regardless of ethics, regardless of economic principles, he is scheming to turn the matter to his advantage through the arousing of party prejudices. Little does he care that our country is confronted by a crisis in its foreign relations. He prates of "humiliating, disgraceful surrender to a foreign power" when the truth is the disgrace is with us and on us if we fail to keep the faith as embodied in the treaty. In every way Knowland seems to be the antithesis of the kind of material California should choose to send to the United States senate. He is a professional politician pandering to local prejudices for votes. The humiliation to the state if he were to be chosen could hardly be greater.

He is another of the chorus found urging the people having no interest in the coastwise monopoly to rally around "our ships." Whose ships? Stand up voters of California, whom Knowland is seeking to cajole, and let us count how many of you have stock in the shipping monopoly this patriot would present with your proportion of the tolls. He says it is to build up our shipping. In what way? It is paying 15 per cent now, and with the saving of \$4.00 a ton at the isthmus or, after the tolls are paid, \$2.80 net, the earnings should be greatly enhanced. O, but this is to keep the railroads from gouging us on land rates, is the reply. But the interstate commerce commission has power to reduce any excessive transcontinental railroad rate. We might, it is true, heap Pelion on Ossa by so favoring the shipping that we could break the railroads. Would that be good business? Would that help the coast?

Viewed from any point Knowland's position is un-

tenable. He says we make no charge for the inland canals, ergo, why should we at Panama? He ignores the fact that the freshwater canals make no discrimination whatsoever. The Welland canal by treaty was opened to traffic on terms of entire equality to vessels of both nations. Canada fixed a toll of 20 cents a ton for ships of both countries, but it paid rebate of 18 cents a ton on all merchandise in Canadian ships which went to Montreal or beyond. This was regarded by President Cleveland as a breach of faith and in a message to congress he urged the point so well that Canada admitted the error and ceased the practice. Does not this precedent dispose of Knowland's argument that we can subsidize American ships by remitting tolls if we so choose? But why pay bounties to ships that have no competition? We have yet to see a logical, convincing answer to this pertinent question.

QUEZON'S IMPATIENCE NOT JUSTIFIED

ULTIMATELY, when the Filipinos are capable of entire self-government, there is little doubt that it will be accorded them; ask ten Americans for their opinion on the subject and nine will answer unhesitatingly to that effect; the tenth may be non-committal, but, at least, he will not oppose the principle. Manuel Quezon, delegate in congress from the Philippine Islands, is getting unduly impatient for home rule; he wants congress to enact a law forthwith giving the Filipinos that independence we promised when we agreed to withdraw the sovereignty of the United States from the archipelago. He complains that he wants more sincerity shown; he is averse to postponement to an indefinite period "after our sons and grandsons are dead and buried."

Delegate Quezon is a trifle unreasonable. By his own admission, in his speech before the Cleveland chamber of industry, Wednesday, the appointment by the President of a majority of Filipinos in the upper house, thus giving the natives control of both branches of the legislature, enables the people of the Philippines to demonstrate in a practical way their ability in a legislative capacity. It is a bona fide beginning looking to a definite end. With this avowed policy of the administration at Washington Governor-General Harrison is in complete harmony. He is appointing Filipinos to responsible administrative positions and if they stand the test, if they are successful within the next decade, the United States flag may cease to fly over the government houses and the native insignia will take its place. It is a policy fraught with a little danger to the welfare of the islands, but is just, nevertheless, to the natives and in line with the promises made by the United States. We are giving the Filipino his opportunity to prove himself. The final result is in his hands.

Complaint is voiced by an American merchant in business on the island of Luzon, now in this country on a visit, that the Americans in the civil service in the island are being displaced rapidly by Filipinos. Men who have been fifteen years in the service, able and faithful, are asked to resign to make room for natives. This action is decreed as unsafe and unwise. We cannot agree. There must be opportunity given to prove the fitness of the natives for administrative tasks and in doing so it is inevitable that Americans will have to give way, no matter how admirably they are performing their duties. There is one charge that has been preferred by Mr. Quezon on former occasions that we believe is well-maintained. He has stated that in the four years, from 1909 to 1912, inclusive, the Philippine government, so largely influenced by Mr. Worcester, was dilatory in carrying out the oft-proclaimed policy of supplanting American officials with Filipinos as fast as the latter could show their fitness to fulfill the duties demanded by the substitution. Quezon admits that the number of Filipino employees was increased in that time forty per cent, but there was no corresponding decrease of American officials. In fact, the salary list of Americans was advanced from 8,576,962 pesos in 1909 to 9,244,642 in 1913; the average yearly salary in that time of the American was 3,524.45 pesos to 916.45 of the Filipino.

In other words, the increase of the Filipino per-

sonnel was in offices of a minor capacity; the responsible bureaus remained in the charge of the Americans throughout that period, with improved salaries. Such a condition, according to Mr. Quezon, explains, in part, the low ebb of government finances as found by Governor-General Harrison and refuted by Mr. Worcester. Says Delegate Quezon:

In 1909 the Philippine treasury balance was 10,608,308.48 pesos, and in 1913 was but 7,343,352.18 pesos, or 3,265,028.30 pesos less than in 1909. Between the years 1909 and 1912, both inclusive, besides the ordinary income of the Philippine government, which has been increasing during that period, the further sum of 7,383,982.15 pesos from bonds and the gold standard fund has accrued to the general fund of the government, and all of it has been paid out of the treasury. So that between 1909 and 1913 the total sum of 10,649,010.45 pesos has been spent in excess of the annual income of the government. At this rate, had Gov. Harrison followed the extravagance of his predecessors, within the first two years of his administration the Philippine government would not have had a cent left in the treasury to meet its ordinary obligations.

Mr. Quezon insists that the argument of Filipino incapacity for self-government is hypocritical. He says "It is the veil with which the office-holder covers his desire to keep his place, the ambush behind which lurks the company monopolizing our hemp, and the interests which already have acquired in defiance of an act of congress 65,000 acres of land in one tract and are ready to get more if given time and opportunity." As to the latter that may be merely personal opinion, but so far as the charges of Filipino incapacity are concerned the refutation lies with the natives. In the succeeding three years of the Wilson-Harrison administration the test can be well applied. Until that time has expired all talk of independence should cease. Proof of fitness must be demonstrated beyond cavil.

COLOMBIA AND THE COLONEL

BOGOTA, by this time, is ready to promulgate the terms of the proposed treaty with the United States, which is said to contain "friendly expressions of regret" for past misunderstandings and binds this country to pay Colombia \$25,000,000 for certain concessions which that government agrees to make in the isthmian zone under its control. Of course, that is a diplomatic figment since it is well understood that the sum stated is in lieu of all former rights held by Colombia at Panama, which were arbitrarily annulled when Panama revolted and we "took over" the canal zone, in violation of our treaty with Colombia. Whether or not the United States senate will ratify the new treaty made by Mr. Bryan with Bogota is a mere matter of speculation.

It is interesting to note Colonel Roosevelt's characteristic, vigorous defense of his course toward Colombia, which is set forth in his autobiography published by The Macmillan Company. He insists that from the beginning to the end the administration's treatment of Colombia was straightforward and in "absolute accord with the highest of standards of international morality." To have acted other than he did, he declares, would have been, on his part, "a betrayal of the interests of the United States, indifference to the interests of Panama, and recreancy to the interests of the world at large." As to the charge that he secretly aided the insurgents he says:

I did not lift my finger to incite the revolutionists. The right simile to use is totally different. I simply ceased to stamp out the different revolutionary fuses that were already burning. When Colombia committed flagrant wrong against us, I considered it no part of my duty to aid and abet her in her wrongdoing at our expense, and also at the expense of Panama, of the French company, and of the world generally. There had been fifty years of continuous bloodshed and civil strife in Panama; because of my action Panama has now known ten years of such peace and prosperity as she never before saw during the four centuries of her existence.

Mr. Roosevelt admits that he deeply regretted and still regrets, the fact that the Colombian government rendered it imperative to take the action he did, but he says he had no alternative. He pays a fine tribute to the "high-bred" men and women of Colombia, but since they made no successful effort to cause their government to do what was right, they must be judged in accordance with the acts of their author-

ized representatives. He concludes: "If men choose to say that it would have been better not to build the canal, than to build it as the result of such action, their position, although foolish, is compatible with belief in their wrongheaded sincerity. But it is hypocrisy, alike odious and contemptible, for any man to say both that we ought to have built the canal and that we ought not to have acted in the way we did act."

NO TIME FOR POLITE BARGAININGS

CANNY Huerta! He now says that he will order the American flag to be saluted providing our warships make return in kind. Apparently, this is simply following the usual custom in such cases, but it may be construed as a formal recognition of the Huerta government and redound to the diplomatic shrewdness of the usurper. Opinions seem to differ on this point. The older heads in congress express the belief that by returning the salute ordered by Huerta we practically recognize his authority and to that extent depart from the long-expressed policy inimical to the provisional president.

It is a delicate position and one that Huerta must be chuckling over if he has any sense of humor. Reduced to the bare facts it means that we are to send forty powerful ships and 15,000 marines to Mexico to do Huerta the courtesy of returning his salute of our flag. Evidently, the Mexican senate has insisted that the United States shall not be allowed to carry out its avowed intention, but must be placated in the manner indicated; as an offset, the return salute has been suggested which, however, is not likely to be complied with. To do so would place the United States in a farcical attitude before the world and score for Huerta a decided diplomatic triumph. His salute must be given with no stipulations attached. Having extended a gratuitous insult the *amende honorable* must be made without any bargaining.

Meanwhile, of course, the government of Tampico may undergo a change pending the arrival of our fleet. With the retirement of the federal gunboats the opportunity of the rebels to occupy the port is rendered less hazardous and advantage of their absence may be taken by the Constitutionalists to strike a decisive blow. In that event our ships would probably proceed to Vera Cruz to effect the coup now in contemplation. It were a pity to make the journey for nothing. But the people of the United States will resent any such concession as that artfully named by Huerta. The time for diplomatic verbalities has gone by. The dictator needs to be sharply disciplined.

GOOD GROUNDS FOR OPTIMISM

ANTIDOTES for poisonous ills are said always to be growing at hand, and by the same happy provision, they who feel pessimistic as to the social welfare of the country have only to read the Survey, the sane, frank, unadorned record of "doing something about it," to feel their hearts uplifted and a desire to lend a hand, stir within them. Nor is it without humor, the human nature variety, as instance the smashing of its Morristown exhibit by irate Italians. The work was instituted by the Presbyterian board of home missions, the exhibits set up and the public invited to see them.

Morristown is proud and, like all cities, ignorant of its own truths. The city has an Italian quarter which did not photograph prettily, and when the occupants heard of it they went in a body and demolished the exhibit pertaining to their manner of living. They considered it personal and impertinent. Others than Italians in Morristown rose up to exclaim against the portrayal. But there is something coldly, unexcited about a survey report; its one aim is to present facts as they are, without regard as to who is hurt, and after the first sting of resentment is past, cities and individuals as well, unite to improve conditions when they are really understood.

Morristown has proved no exception. Already, the truth is recognized and plans are under way to cure the defects which have been revealed. The daily press, with its dire records of crime and disorder, in spots, seems to have the impression that the world is

swiftly moving to the "demnition how-wows." The parade along Broadway is a little appalling, too, with its exhibition of exaggerated and senseless styles in dress. One naturally exclaims, "What hope can there be for the new generation when the present one looks like this!" But all these things are a small part of the whole, and only a surface symptom. Just the headlines in the Survey is a very good dose of optimism. "Self-governing welfare league of prisoners," "Good housing standards in Grand Rapids," "Old age pensions broached in Canada," "The swing of the pendulum on sex hygiene," "Mothers who must earn." However much of wrong and evil and waste there is, at least something is being done about it, which augurs well for the future.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD DEADLINE

WITH great interest we have read Mrs. Katherine Tingley's appeal to abolish capital punishment, voiced at Isis Theater, in San Diego, recently. The arguments she makes do credit to her heart and well-known principles, but are not convincing to those who realize that such abolition would remove the one great deterrent to crime—fear—which is implanted in the breasts of the homicidally-inclined. Cast out this dread of results in kind, the deprivation of life, and the greatest bulwark of protection to society is demolished. No substitute such as Mrs. Tingley offers can serve in its stead with like efficacy.

Mrs. Tingley denounces capital punishment as savagery. We differ with the talented head of the Raja Yoga institution at Point Loma. It is retributive justice. By his own act the average murderer invites the heavy hand of the law to descend upon him; every time it fails to fall through the trickeries of criminal lawyers, paid for the purpose, society is menaced by the encouragement afforded to other tentative murderers. It is only by early trials, drastic sentences, and prompt obedience to the law's mandate that murders will be reduced to a minimum. It is the law's delay that encourages to crime and fills our jails. Instead of wasting time deploring the "savagery" of a custom if our reformers would crusade for the prompter enforcement of our laws the welfare of the people would be enhanced, including that of tentative homicides. Let the latter once see that criminal lawyers no longer have influence to keep them unhung and the tendency to kill will be materially reduced.

With Mrs. Tingley's desire to extend the idea of universal brotherhood we are in profound sympathy, but we would draw the line at murderers in the same way that we would refuse to take to our bosom a hyena. She makes the mistake of believing that the duty of society is to protect murderers from the consequences of their crime. We hold that society should first be protected and that it is essential to that end to keep ever before the murderously-disposed the fear of results. Mrs. Tingley wants the governor to interfere with the law and save the train robber and murderer Fariss from the gallows. She is advocating a dangerous doctrine and one that would prove costly to society were it put into general practice. Fariss richly deserves the fate he has invited. Commute his punishment and a score of his kind will be incited to take a chance by following in his footsteps.

ART OF INTENSIVE VERBICULTURE

UNTIL I saw an offer in a magazine of \$250 for stories of 1500 to 2500 words it had not occurred to me that words had any particular value. I had been dropping words around carelessly all my life, not realizing they might be marketable, and suddenly it dawned on me that I had squandered several large fortunes in that way. At once, I decided to become economical.

For the first time in my life I understood the real meaning of the proverb, "Speech is silver but silence is golden." I decided to quit talking and become an author, writing exclusively for the magazine which made the offer. Of course, I knew that just the common sort of words that I might use ordering groceries would not bring the price of 10 cents to 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents offered. Naturally, paying a price like that, the editor would want only hand-picked words, the best in the language.

So I began to figure out a mental process of sep-

arating the cheap ones from the choicer crop. It was akin to the process used in packing oranges. They have a long slide with slats close together at the top and diverging (there's a good ten-cent word—diverging) toward the bottom. The oranges roll down and the little ones fall through until only the big ones are left at the end of the slide. What I needed was a linguistic (15 cents worth there) sieve. With a device of that sort it would be the simplest thing in the world to take a dictionary, pour in the words heterogeneously (that's a deceptive looking word, not worth half what its size would indicate), throw away the culls and pack the good ones into lots of 1500 to 2500 each, for the magazine. I soon found that for this purpose it would be necessary to bore a lot of holes in my brain, and as I did not consider myself exactly a blockhead the plan has not yet worked out to my satisfaction.

My next idea was to write to Mr. Bryan about it. He seems to have a pretty good system of selecting words for the market, and his shipments always find a ready sale. But when I came to figure it out I discovered that even his words did not come up to the mark, for he does not get anything like 10 cents each for them, to say nothing of the magazine's top figure, 16 $\frac{2}{3}$. If I used his method my work would be only half done, for I would have to sort out all his again. I needed a more direct system.

My next thought was to appeal to Colonel Roosevelt for his plan, having heard that he had sold large consignments for as much as \$2 each. The Colonel, however, was in South America, and, besides, it occurred to me that he had to give away the greater part of his crop every year, and being in the business of producing words on such a large scale, it was only natural that he would have a good supply of extra fancy grades for the gilt edge trade. Being only in the business in a small way his rules would not work in my case.

Clearly, the only thing to do was to evolve a scheme of word-sorting for my own private use, and if it proved to be successful I could lease it out and simply live off the royalties on the patent. The first thing to do was to get a standard of valuation. The size of the word was deceptive, for, to use the orange comparison again, often they had a thick skin with little or no juice. For example, there were words with a fine, mouth-filling sound like tergiversation, blennorrhagia, helminthagogue, lipothymy and others of four or five syllables which were almost worthless because they would have to be demonstrated individually for prospective purchasers. There were others like southpaw, bonehead, ishkabibble, and grapejuice which seemed to be in great demand, but the market for them was precarious and might change at any moment, leaving me to pay the return postage.

So the only thing, it seemed, was to engage in verbiculture on the same basis that the Chinese truck gardeners go in for intensive agriculture. This meant to take the dictionary and thesaurus, and go through them word by word, selecting only the permanent staples (there's 10 cents wasted—staples are always permanent, aren't they?) and arranging them in the order of utility. In the first grade would be words with several meanings—the more meanings the higher the grading. A word like box, for example, being useful in at least half a dozen ways, should be worth the maximum figure of 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents, and so on. In the second grade would be words with only a single meaning, but very distinctive or decorative. Osculation, thud, demagogue and similar words would come in this class. They would be priced at about 15 cents each. Then would come the third class, words of no independent meaning but necessary in making up the packages, such as prepositions, conjunctions and auxiliary verbs. These would list at the minimum price of 10 cents.

I am now engaged in this gigantic task, and in the course of the next decade I will be able to offer to authors of vaulting ambition whatever they need. A written guarantee will go with each word. I will sell only to the trade, and as by that time Louis Brandeis is sure to have his fixed price legislation in operation, the result will be a great increase in the profits of authorship. All that will be necessary will be for the author to arrange in attractive retail packages the words I supply wholesale, and his success will be assured.

RANDOLPH BARTLETT.

Last Word in Economy Discovered

There is, in the Wilshire district, an apartment house which is noted for the perfection of its appointments and the high cost of living there. From the east came an elderly man and his wife who engaged a small suite costing them \$150 a month. This rental included all service, even to washing the dishes, but it is provided that whatever dishes are broken by the house servants, while working for the tenants, must be replaced by the tenants before leaving. So the thrifty wife of the wealthy manufacturer, paying \$5 a day for the rooms, washes her own dishes for fear she may have to pay a dollar or two more monthly for breakages.

✕ In "Benares, the Golden City" ---By ELEANOR MADDOCK ✕

TRULY a poetical name—but, not as might be supposed a fanciful one, for, like most things in the Orient, there is a sufficient reason for its being so called, particularly in the old days and, by that, meaning two or three centuries ago, more or less—it matters little in a land whose history is so old that time might almost said to be reckoned not.

Before the Ganges had, in late years, so perceptibly shifted its course, it made, a short distance above the city, a curious turning, a sort of twist, so that those traveling down from the north knew, when they arrived at this particular spot, that a striking view of the sacred city would suddenly unfold before them. From the top of the high, sloping bank down to the water's edge lay the splendid palaces and gardens of the rajahs; the gilded domes and terraced roofs of the temples, with their towering minarets, topped by slender spires of beaten gold, glistening with the glory of the morning sun, that burning Eye which wearies not of watching over India and the never ceasing stream of humanity ascending and descending the great stone steps of the river ghats.

This, together with the fact of there being whole streets devoted to workers in brass, and everywhere is seen the shining metal, not a little being exquisitely wrought, is why Benares was called the Golden City, for then there were no sunken temples and crumbling masonry to mar the picture.

Doubtless, there are many in Southern California who are familiar with the Pearl Boat, with its gay curtains of tattered silk, the sides and high deck canopy entirely inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and designed to shelter no less a personage than an Indian prince from the rays of a too fierce sun. But, alas, its glory has long since departed,—it is now owned by a wealthy citizen, Babu Moti Chand, and generously donated by him for the use of visitors. Those who are content to charter it and drift slowly down stream close to the bank, will obtain the best panoramic view possible of Benares' historic ghats; but this is little better than gazing at a moving picture in a theater, for, in order to understand and fully appreciate, it is necessary to become one with the busy throng. The endeavor to see with its eyes, and from its viewpoint, widens the consciousness, and has a lesson to teach; for here the keynote is movement without haste, an attribute of action which Europeans have yet to learn.

Benares is built on a high slope, and most of the streets, particularly in the older part of the city, lead down to the ghats. There is a feeling of entering the mysterious unknown in these narrow turnings, where the high buildings almost meet at the top, due to the built-out grills and balconies overhanging the street and shutting out the sunlight. Gentle, sleek, white cows, with spreading horns, and wearing absurd bead necklaces are household pets which seem to have outgrown the narrow confines of the street, so that it is often necessary to step into doorways or flatten oneself against the walls to allow them to pass.

There are innumerable niches containing lingams and painted figures of the gods, some of them wonderfully carved and decorated with gold filagree. Someone is always washing them with Ganges water, then anointing them with coconut oil which has first been melted in the sun; armfuls of flowers, marigold, jasmine and oleander are made into garlands and hung over the figures. A great deal of incense is used which, mingled with the odor of native tobacco, strong perfume of attar, smoke of cooking fires, and dead flowers heaped on fresh ones, produces an indefinable sensation difficult to describe, at once pleasant, sickly and hypnotizing, something that is long remembered with a sense of longing by all true lovers of the Orient, and to those who are not, it is simply "that nasty, heathen smell."

Space is a valuable commodity at the ghats, the steps, piers and nearly every foot of ground being taken up by food vendors, hawkers of ornaments, fortune-tellers and snake-charmers, to say nothing of the pilgrims constantly passing up and down the steps with brass water pots and baskets of votive offerings. One is expected to buy everything, from a wriggling cobra, suspended by its tail not six inches from one's nose, or a cage full of singing bulbuls, to a buffalo calf with a ring in its nose, led around solemnly by a "man-child" of six, whose father, meanwhile, is seated comfortably in the shade near by smoking a hookah.

I saw a woman washing her hair by first rubbing it with Ganges mud, others were cleansing their saris of brilliant hues, shaking them vigorously in the sun to dry. There were a great many planks run a few feet out over the water, making a sort of pier, and on these frail structures were seated devotees,

gazing in rapt oblivion into the shining waters, their lips moving as they repeated "mantrams." A cow with its calf came down to drink, after which they laboriously climbed the long stairs and ambled off toward the Napalese temple.

We followed, picking our way over the loose earth and stones, and were grateful after the climb for the cool shade of a fine peepul tree which spread over nearly two sides of the temple walls. Here are to be seen really fine examples of old wood carving, and it seems almost incredible that hands with only crude tools could have fashioned the exquisite doors hung at the entrance. Outer decorations, however, not only of this temple but of others, have been severely criticized, especially by the missionaries; but if we work back through the centuries to the time when religious concepts existed in far greater purity than at the present time, when often one single fragment of carved wood or stone meant the life work of one man whose only reward was the knowledge that his best would have its place on wall and temple dome in the centuries yet unborn, the hypocritically disposed would be silent. These people believed that God created all things, therefore, all things must be objects of worship, hence pure, from the grain of sand and blade of grass, to the human body created in His image. An understanding of this really simple, fundamental truth explains much of the horrors of idolatry; to be sure there is the element of fanaticism, but that is a phase concerned with the emotions, and by no means confined to Oriental nations.

The Manikarnika, or bathing ghat, in the early morning is thronged with thousands of men, women and children singing, chattering and praying as they plunge their bodies into the sacred waters; and it may be said that the modesty with which they perform their ablutions, and effect a complete change of raiment, would put to shame the bathers at any of the European seaside resorts.

On this particular morning the Maharajah of Dasbhang, accompanied by the Maharani and her women, had come to bathe. Their approach was heralded by musicians and a company of fierce-looking soldiers, armed with old and probably harmless matchlocks, and sharp, curved tulwars, these latter by no means harmless. The Rani was carried in a litter covered with curtains of crimson velvet, which had tiny round holes on either side concealed among the voluminous folds. When these conveyances are passing one is certain to catch the gleam of a large dark eye making the most of its limited opportunity for viewing the world at large.

To a strictly orthodox person seeing for the first time the burning ghat, where the bodies are in process of cremation, there is probably a sensation of amazement, and not a little shrinking, for there are no decorous effigies, draped in black crepe, officiating, but a number of thin men of low caste clad in scanty loin-cloths, and armed with long bamboo poles, with which every now and then they stir vigorously the burning mass. While all that goes on here can be seen from the river, there is only one street leading to it from the city, literally a pathway of the dead, its entire length gloomy and unpleasant, so that it is a relief even to step out onto the burning ghat.

We had been hearing the chanting of several funeral processions which preceded us, and were in time to witness the last rites before the fire was lighted. One body was that of a young woman, robed in a green muslin sari, with a profusion of colored glass bangles on her arms; flower garlands had been arranged in her hair and about her neck, there was no covering over her face, and in fact it was difficult to realize that one was actually looking upon death; it was more suggestive of a scene in an open air theater in the midst of a busy, chattering throng, with a tropical sun blazing in an azure sky. A custom strictly observed at all cremations is the baptism of the body in Ganges water; it varies according to their relative importance; some are merely sprinkled generously, others are wholly immersed, and always there are bodies, wrapped in white cloths, lying on the ground, waiting patiently with their feet in the water. The ashes from each pyre are left to cool, then carefully gathered up and thrown into the river. There seems no lack of consideration for the dead—but only a few yards farther down stream, thousands of the living are not only bathing and drinking eagerly of the water, but taking it away in every kind of utensil for religious ceremonies and for use in their homes.

This is probably one of the mysteries that will never be solved until science and occultism meet, for such contamination from any other source than the Ganges water is the signal for India's scourges of plague and cholera to arise and stalk abroad. Scientists have said that the Ganges water contains pow-

erful antiseptic properties, the Brahmins, too, admit this, but at the same time insist that no contamination can possibly affect its magnetic currents, because it is *sacred*. But this is a subject which they do not care to discuss at any length, as it touches too closely upon the inner side of their religion. The actual source of "Mother Gunga" has never been discovered, but it is somewhere in the heart of the pure, eternal snows of the great Himalayas.

TAHITI: DECADENCE OF THE TAHITIAN

EVERYONE has dreamed of a "Fairy Island," always, in the far off South Seas, where every wish of man, as though by magic, becomes a realization; where eternal sunshine is mingled with the soft breezes of the sea; where verdure-clad mountains rearing their heads far into the clouds roll gently down to green, sparkling waters, impounded by a reef of coral, and great palm trees along the shore, bowing their heads gracefully seem to be saying "Come! Come!"

Here free from toil and care
A weary soul finds rest.

What a land is this for man! But what a man in this Elysian land! Tahiti, the fairest crystal of the great nebulous mass cast into space aeons ago! I might use columns in this description, yet the half would not be told. It sounds too much like a page from a guide book, or a real estate man's description of Southern California, while my purpose is simply to offer a few comments on the decadence and passing of a people. A people who with their crude civilization and simple, childish ways were best fitted to dwell in this land.

I do not assume to criticize the great missionary organization that has had in charge the *christianizing* of this people, nor the French government which has so signally failed in their civilization, but that these bodies have not worked in harmony is too evident. The native Tahitian is now a physical, mental and moral degenerate.

Two or three generations ago, Tahiti was inhabited by a sturdy race of Polynesians, a kindly, pleasure-loving people, whose principal weakness lay in the fact that they and their fathers before them had discovered how generously nature had cared for their simple needs. Where Nature provides so much indolence is sure to follow. Though their civilization was that of the primitive man, they had never adopted any of the atrocious habits of the western Polynesians. They were somewhat disturbed by tribal wars, but cannibalism was entirely unknown.

They were a light hearted, generous, frivolous people, given up to the pleasures of life, singing of songs, dancing, playing of the nose flute, combats, matches, foot races, spear throwing and other kinds of sports and games. They were just such a people as would naturally be the product of such a land. But now, in their decadence, after two or three generations of drunken debauch, European vice and disease, grafted as it were to a natural, inborn indolence, they are pitiable creatures, an appalling dark cloud, hanging over this gem of the Pacific.

Poor creatures, christianized by missionaries who were not working in harmony with the state and civilized by a government whose only aim seems to have been their annihilation. By permitting the unrestricted sale of liquor, the government is rapidly removing every trace of manhood in them. Their wonderfully productive lands are being acquired by Europeans, mostly French, who, in turn, cannot reap the rich harvest of their canniness, as the native is too much gone in the merry whirl of civilization to be induced to work the plantations.

All labor must be brought in from other islands and even so far away as China. The Union Steamship Company's steamers that stop at Papeete on their way to New Zealand are compelled to bring their dock hands and stevedores from Raratonga, a distance of 600 miles. By agreement, these men must be returned each time to their distant home. I mention this to illustrate how completely the native of Tahiti is given over to idleness and debauch.

One hears of the beauty of the Tahitian women, but I wonder what variety of vino Madame Lavinia, proprietor for many years of Papeete's only hotel, gave those travelers who have come away with tales of the grace and beauty of the island belle. Beauty is in the eye that sees it, and if grace is in avoirdupois and beauty in their particular color, they must certainly be attractive. But to my eye (still untrained to that type of beauty) I have a vision of one of those black, bare-footed mountains waddling along the street in her garish Mother Hubbard, with a smile of self approval and coquetry that was truly ludicrous.

I was forcefully reminded of a little classic recent-

ly published in *Life*, apropos the latest Parisian modes:

There she goes, there she goes!
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes.
Nobody knows, nobody knows
Whether she wears any underclothes.

Poor, simple children of the South Seas, I wonder if they, or the world, are any better for all this French (liquor) civilization, and Mother Hubbard christianity. I have no patience with the unthinking person who decries and sneers at the work of the foreign missionaries. I have met them in many portions of the uncivilized world doing their work intelligently and well, devoting their lives to the Maoris of New Zealand, the Blacks of Queensland, the frizzle-headed cannibals of Papua and our own American citizens of Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago. But I do believe that, to succeed as they should, the cooperation and support of the government are absolutely essential. The missionary should not consider his work finished when he has succeeded in getting the natives to exchange the gee string and fig leaf for the sarong and Mother Hubbard.

Los Angeles.

JAMES A. KEENEY.

GRAPHIC CONTRAST IN FLYING

RECENTLY, a crowd of eager and expectant people gathered at Pomona, to witness a series of skillful and novel maneuvers by Glen Martin, in his latest and most modern aeroplane. The new speedway is well located, and the *mise en scène* impressive. In the foreground rose shimmering hills of emerald green; for background stood the serried ranks of the Sierras; behind them, the tall, ermine-clad monarchs of the San Jacinto range, and overlooking their proud heights was the mighty snow-capped head of San Antonio, while above the entire scene hung a blue, sunlit canopy decorated that day by the Supreme Artist, in delicate, transparent designs of plummy, feathery white. All this the God of nature had bestowed.

The assembled throng seemed truly American; not enthusiastic, only interested and willing to be amused. When at last the great machine rose in the air, seemingly under perfect control of the aviator, the spectators were silent. Suddenly, all eyes were directed at one point, and a loud shout went up from the people, when a large bird sailed grandly into the arena, as much as to say: "Look at me! I can teach you how to fly!"

Swiftly, silently, triumphantly, on pinions of air the great bird circled round and round the course, followed by the clattering, hideous device of man below. Fascinated, the eyes of the crowd kept the bird in view—not the machine; and enthusiastic cries of delight and wonder were heard from an hitherto undemonstrative throng.

But, alas, the bird had dared too much, and after a time nature's aviator—that faultless machinery—began to falter, and the overtaxed heart fluttered feebly. Slowly, the beautiful bird returned to earth and sought refuge in a tree just outside the course. This fact cruel eyes had noted and voracious mouths soon clamored for his blood. An unerring shot and the bird fell to the ground with the divine spark of life gone forever!

There were heard murmurs of indignation and disapproval, and a manly voice said regretfully: "That's too bad! The bird gave us as much amusement as the machine!" So this poor, tired bird, lured to that fatal spot by instinctive sense of the unity in nature, was betrayed by relentless man. But his last flight was all glorious, demonstrating as it did the divine power with which the bird had been endowed, and the feeble and futile attempts of man to emulate or attain whatever the God of nature has denied or forbidden.

HELEN H. SHEPARD.

Decorated by the Late Empress

Professor James Main Dixon of the University of Southern California enjoyed personal acquaintance with the late Dowager Empress Haruko who has not been long in following her consort, the late Emperor Mutsuhito, who passed away in the summer of 1912. She had completed her three score years and more when she died. Always gentle and courteous, she made an excellent first lady of the land, and was, indeed, credited with more capacity than her husband. She was the first Japanese royal personage to adopt foreign costume, which she wore with grace. Not yet, although she came to functions with her husband, was it deemed seemly for her to walk by his side; she followed with her ladies in the rear, and when out driving occupied a different carriage. The union was not blessed with children, and it was through one of the court ladies, selected by immemorial custom, that the imperial line was continued, so that the present ruler does not mourn a mother. The late empress often paid visits alone to institutions. It was on the occasion of her visit to the buildings of the Imperial University in Tokyo soon after their completion that Dr. Dixon received his Order of Merit of the Rising Sun. All the professor's recollections of the deceased empress are of the pleasantest. She was a universal favorite.



Boon For Society Editors

Usually, when there is an elaborate wedding the society editors are driven to distraction by the task of getting the data. Long lists of guests must be obtained, often piecemeal and frequently over the telephone, with the attendant probability of having half the names wrongly spelled and the other half innocent of initials. Often, the persons directly concerned seem to regard it as the proper thing to pretend a reluctance toward publicity of details, which they really do not feel, but which makes the society reporters' lives miserable. Consequently, it was with joy almost immeasurable that the overworked newspaper women greeted an innovation introduced this week by Mr. Hulett C. Merritt, just before the marriage of his son and Miss Sally Polk. The invited guests numbered more than twelve hundred, and Mr. Merritt had the list prepared in alphabetical form, typewritten, and bound into a form something like the manuscript of a play or a legal brief—"the scenario of the wedding," one grateful society editor called it. Moreover, as many of the names were distinguished, the compiler of the list, to save inquiries and references to "Who's Who," had little notations opposite the names of the more important personages invited, such as the following:

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bennett, Phoenix, Ariz., president Valley Bank, largest financial institution in the state of Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Cole, Duluth, Minn., president of Cole-Ryan Copper Syndicate, representing an invested capital of several hundred million dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Grant, Faribault, Minn., largest railway contractor in the world.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gannon, New Orleans, leading banker of New Orleans, president and chairman of the boards of corporations with aggregate capitalization of about \$400,000,000.

Mr. W. M. Ladd, Portland, Ore., president Ladd and Tilton Bank; wealthiest man in Oregon.

Miss Maud Luck, Tucson, cousin of Mrs. Hulett C. Merritt and declared by Emperor of Germany to be the greatest lady pianist and composer who ever visited Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Los Angeles, ex-president of the \$30,000,000 Borden Condensed Milk Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, New York, multi-millionaire; the largest authority on real estate values in New York City.

Col. Charles H. Osgood, Lewiston, Me., first citizen of Maine.

Baron William Vincent Shotton, Yale-Kiosque, Esplanade Point Terminus, Smyrna, Asiatic Turkey; railway magnate of Turkey.

Not only was this an original means of solving the worries of principals and society reporters alike, but the compiler, it is noteworthy, realized the points sought by the newspapers, and where a man was the leader in his line in the world the fact was frankly recorded, and the approximate dimensions of his wealth stated. I commend this plan to all wealthy folk who happen to have a wedding, or other big function in the family.

In Keeping With Tendency

It is interesting to note in connection with the "strip poker party" scandal, that one of the leading spirits in the affair was the bride at one of the public weddings which were the rage for a time among sensation-seeking amusement promoters. The husband deserted his bride soon after the public ceremony, and she had been seeking diversions of her own preferences. The husband has brought suit for divorce, saying that his wife showed marked inclination for a frivolous life from the beginning of their married experiences. I wonder what he expected of a girl who was willing that in one of the most sacred moments of her entire life she should be the center of attraction of a vulgar and curious mob of strangers.

New Industry Springs Up

Sharp-witted boys have evolved a new means of raising a few cents now and then for spending money. In an endeavor to bolster up his circulation, Edwin T. Earl has been distributing free copies of his newspapers, particularly the morning one. To a certain residence where free copies of the Tribune had been arriving, there came a small boy. "I'm col-

lecting for the Tribune," he said. The man of the house smiled and remarked, "I guess the Tribune needs help all right, but I don't think it will get any contributions from me." "Ain't you gettin' the paper?" asked the gamin. "I am, but through no fault of my own," the man answered. The boy's attitude aroused suspicion and the adult began to ask him questions, whereupon he hung his head and began to slink away. Apparently, he had been watching to see where the Tribune was being distributed free and saw a chance to pick up a little small change. I doubt if the boys who adopt this scheme will find it highly profitable.

Extra! Earl Refuses Advertisement! Extra!

Who now shall say that that sterling patriot and high-minded reformer, Edwin Tobias Earl, publishes his newspapers merely for gain? It never more can be truly charged that such is the case. Did he not this week refuse an advertisement of the power companies, almost a full page in dimensions! This advertisement, which stated the proposals of the power companies to the city, was rejected by both the Tribune and Express. The publisher declined to permit his patrons to be corrupted by the perusal of the argument of the power companies. O, the joy of engaging in a controversy where you can suppress the other fellow's argument, or at least state it in such form as to fit your own answers.

Who Cares?

E. T. Earl has sued W. R. Hearst for \$100,000, alleging libel. What in the world could Mr. Hearst have said?

This Funny Newspaper Litigation

Libel suits brought by newspapers against one another are almost always funny, and I cannot recall a case in which one publisher ever was granted a verdict against another. When they actually get to trial, which is seldom, the jury seems to think that, if a publisher has been injured, he has the weapon of retaliation in his own hands, providing his cause is just. Which reminds me that the Herald-Express litigation appears to have been lost in the shuffle, and if it ever comes to trial it will be complicated by the fact that the former Herald employees who had been employed by Earl, and were supposed to have been the originators of the schemes to which the Herald took violent exception, have since been discharged by Earl, and may be in a position to indulge in a little revenge for the cancellation of those juicy salary contracts. Another libel suit which I understand has not come to trial, is that of W. R. Hearst against Collier's Weekly. It will be remembered that the New York periodical at the time taunted Hearst for not bringing a criminal action, which could be forced to trial, but, instead, brought a civil suit which could be delayed indefinitely.

Verbum Sap

I find the following in last Wednesday morning's Examiner:

In a dispatch to the editor in charge of the Examiner, not intended for publication, but characteristic in its clearness and patriotism, Mr. Hearst said last night: (etc.)

Receiving the above mentioned dispatch how the editors must have been torn between their love of country, their love of their own private hero, and their love of their jobs. I can imagine Max Ihmsen, Fred Eldridge and John Dillon gathered in conference. The question must be decided. Should they risk their situations, for the sake of proving the innate nobility of their master, and thus also give to the country another example of high patriotism to inspire the youth of the land, or should they protect their weekly stipends? Did they falter, did they flinch, did they seek to evade the issue? Not, nit. With unanimous voice, I am confident, Messrs. Ihmsen, Eldridge and Dillon, without hesitation, determined that their country came first and their jobs second. So they published the private dispatch, "not intended for publication," and then slept the sleep of the just, knowing that whatever the outcome, they had done their full duty. Thus far, the nation will be glad to learn, none of these three patriots has been punished, or even reprimanded for obeying the dictates of conscience.

Lost in the Wilderness Again

Will a charitably inclined person please denote to the Times a copy of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," or one of those little compendiums, "Suitable Phrases for All Occasions?" Last Sunday's issue of the general's great moral daily celebrated the fact that it was Easter by printing in old English type, three inches deep, across the front page, "Glory to God in the Highest. For the benefit of the editors of the Times let me timidly suggest that this is the celebrated benedictine first voiced by the angel that appeared to the shepherds, as recorded in the gospel according to St. Luke, the entire verse reading, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good

will unto men." The phrase for Easter Day, also for the information of the Times, is "Christ is risen indeed." It is so recently that the Lincoln cartoon carried the distorted phrase, "In the faith that might makes right," that I should have thought there would have been a little more display of care in the selection of mottoes. Perhaps, the Times has had the same experience as a pious but poor old woman, who had a family of ten children to support. A charity worker told her that if she would but open her Bible at random, with simple faith, she would find a helpful text. "Shure, an' I've tried it many's the time" she answered, "and ev'ry time the Good Book opens at the 'begats.'" Intelligence is a good thing to add to faith when selecting mottoes.

More Trifling With Scripture

Possibly, there is no good reason why purely historical Biblical characters should be more immune from careless handling than others. Still, it does not grate upon the sensitive soul to hear the expression "Great Caesar's ghost," but when we see in the godly Express the ejaculation "Jumping Jehosaphat" as an introduction to a writeup of a circus, it makes one feel that Brother Earl's young men are trying to see how close they can get to using the names of the kings and prophets in sport without transgressing the written laws. The word "jumping," moreover, does not appear to be especially appropriate, because I recall nothing in the history of this ancient monarch to indicate that he distinguished himself on the track team of his alma mater.

Disagreement in School Board

I am a little surprised to find so good a lawyer as Joe Scott, and who usually links a regard for common justice with all his actions, taking such an untenable stand as that while he and the other minority members of the board of education cannot block the appointment of Superintendent Francis, they can prevent him from drawing his salary. As the law stands it is obviously intended that a majority of the board is all that is required to name the executive head of the public schools, and it is one of the fundamentals of government that the power to appoint logically entails the power to pay an official's salary. Otherwise, the appointive power would be a farce. Regardless of the merits of the controversy, it would seem that Mr. Scott's Celtic qualities of not knowing when he is beaten, are misplaced on this occasion.

Violence Antagonizing Friends

Despite the attempt to organize a Chamber of Commerce campaign in favor of the lumped power bonds, it appears that there is every prospect of the issue being defeated, the more so as the city council inadvertently set the date of the election about a week after the final date for paying taxes, just at a time when everyone is reminded how high the rates are, already. Not one reason has been given for refusing to segregate the propositions, and the only chance the single scheme has appears to be that the Times is growing so violent in its attacks upon it that it is alienating its own sympathizers. It is all well enough to criticize the Chamber of Commerce *modus operandi*, but to utter such vicious tirades makes everyone wonder what the general is covering up. It is not recorded what answer Russell H. Ballard of the Edison Company gave to the member of the Woman's City Club who asked, at the discussion where he and Engineer Scattergood were pitted against each other, "Are all the brains in the world tied up in the power companies that the city could not operate the plants successfully if it took them over?" Of course, the reply is obvious enough, that men of brains can seldom be found who will bother themselves with positions which are contingent upon political conditions, when they can get more money by working for appreciative private corporations.

Example of Hearst Teachings

I heard hisses greet a picture of the President of the United States at the Orpheum Wednesday night, for the first time in my life. It occurred in the showing of portraits of Democratic leaders in the free tolls controversy, in the "current events" moving picture feature. First, Oscar Underwood and Champ Clark were seen in conversation, and then Senator O'Gorman. They were greeted with a fair volume of applause. Then came a bulletin announcing "The real leader of the Democratic party, who is opposing these men," after which the President was shown, moving about in what seemed to be a reviewing stand. There was a spontaneous outburst of applause, much louder than that which had preceded, as the President was recognized. Then, as this died away there was heard a distinct and penetrating hiss, in which, possibly, half a dozen creatures joined. The Wilson partisans, manifestly, were in the majority, but they did not hiss Clark et al. This is typical of the consequences of the Hearst form of malicious attacks upon all who disagree

with the policies he is advocating. He cannot maintain dignity in debate, cannot give the other man credit for sincerity, and his campaigns are, as a consequence, malignant and vicious. It seems rather strange that he has not remembered to better effect the assassination of President McKinley and the shooting of Francis J. Heney. Hearst's following is the unthinking mob. His lieutenants possess the capacity for inflaming the passions of the kind of men who hissed the President at the Orpheum. Not that all subscribers to his newspapers are to be classed as such, for his sheets are entertaining in their way, and are read by thousands who know Hearst for the mountebank that he is. But his power with the hisses makes him a dire menace of the Emma Goldman kidney. Let all those who believe President Wilson capable of acting in public matters from impure motives raise their right hands. Now let those who believe William Randolph Hearst ever took a strong stand on a national question from an unselfish motive, likewise raise their right hands. I think the two groups are about identical.

Will Hearst Be for Theodore?

I hear that William Randolph, despairing of ever reaching the Presidential chair himself, has determined that he is going to pick a winner next election, and will go out for Theodore Roosevelt, hook, line, and sinker. His breach with Wilson is irreparable, and it is clear that the President will get the nomination if he wants it. The doors of the straight Republican fold would hardly open to our Willie, even if he sought admission. Therefore, it is said by those near the inner guard that he will support Roosevelt. His publication of the Roosevelt autobiography is paving the way, by wiping out a few of the recollections of the vicious attacks made upon the Colonel when he was President and vice-president. Our Willie, surely, is an "ammosin' cuss."

Recalling a Biblical Episode

There is a brokerage house in Los Angeles that has the money changers in the temple backed off the bourse for impiety. It is recorded that on one occasion the Savior made a scourge of small cords and drove out the changers and overthrew their tables, warning those whom he ejected not to make His Father's house a house of merchandise. I am reminded of this Biblical episode by receipt of a circular letter issued by a concern that is affiliated with the Los Angeles stock exchange, also with the realty board at the county seat. It purports to convey Easter greetings and continues:

As Christ knew the joys of the Resurrection, so every man who has made anything of himself, gone down into the hell of misery and risen up, is happier and stronger for his experience. The country has just passed through its period of depression and is now rising triumphant to a deserved prosperity. Tariff, currency, income tax, all such legislation is out of the way, and money, coming from its hiding place, looks around for opportunity to work for its owners. Now is the best time to make money earn money. Every investment, every stock or bond or piece of realty, is showing a healthy increase in value, while trade circles are looking toward a period of plenty. Naturally, the best time for you to buy is just when the market begins to feel its strength—that time is now. You need in such a contingency the services of an agent who is not so much interested in a special line of investments as in serving his client—a broker who can render the best that is in him—who has but one rule of business conduct and that "Service with Honor." If these things appeal to you more than the oily smoothness of a Wallingford, I would welcome the chance to serve you—to help advise with you on investment purchases—to make your money make more money for you.

"Service with honor!" Also with "all good wishes for your Eastertide happiness," which, of course, will be greatly enhanced if an order for the purchase of stocks or other commodity carrying a fat commission is placed. As between an oily Wallingford and a pious humbug I fail to see that disparity which the writer of the above letter so insinuatingly sets forth. What shall be said of a brokerage house that canvasses for business in this fashion? Or, rather, what shall be thought? To give verbal utterance to all that wells up in me after contemplating this literary gem might shock the Misses Boffins.

Fine Exposition Scheme Exposed

In a recent issue of the "Editor and Publisher" there is an exposure of a contest scheme which has been launched by the Panama-Pacific Exposition bureau of exploitation, by which newspapers are to pay the fair \$96 for the privilege of running contests sending the successful young women who compete to San Francisco in 1915. There are two criticisms offered—one that no newspaper can work the scheme outlined to show a profit, and the other that there is more in it for the Fair than there is for the newspaper taking it up. Not being an expert on this

form of newspaper enterprise, I cannot judge as to the value of the contest, but the point is that this attack in the influential newspaper organ will doubtless result in the Fair promoters experiencing considerable difficulty in getting their publicity matter printed free of charge.

Retires on His Honors

As a successor to Arthur Letts, whose term had expired for several months, the board of directors of the Young Men's Christian Association has elected W. S. Bartlett president. A. B. Cass, vice-president, has been acting as head of the organization since Mr. Letts' withdrawal. In the incumbency of President Letts, who was at the head of the institution for nine years, the Association made wonderful progress, and it is noteworthy that the board of directors considered long before it agreed upon a man capable of assuming Mr. Letts' mantle. Mr. Bartlett is well known in financial and philanthropic circles. He was president of the German Savings Bank up to three years ago, when he resigned in order to take a needed rest. He is now chairman of the board of the German American Savings Bank. He has been treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. for a number of years, and succeeding him in this position is Mr. W. E. McVay, the well known banker.

City Gets a Valuable Man

With the appointment of Jesse Burks as head of the efficiency department of Los Angeles, the city adds an important member to its official family. Moreover, the Burks are well known for their efficiency in their undertakings, and the appointee's brothers, Paul and Dana, have been prominent for many years in the business and professional life of Los Angeles and Ocean Park. Jesse is not so well known, at least in recent years, as he has been in Philadelphia, where he was prominent in municipal matters. He brings back to Los Angeles a wealth of experience which should be of inestimable value to our half-million population metropolis. Mrs. Burks also is a valuable acquisition to the women's organizations which take an interest in public affairs, and already has become identified with them.

Wealthy Jews Best Spenders

I am told by the proprietors of the big tourist hotels that the most profitable guests are the Jews, and that this race is surprisingly strong numerically among the winter visitors. There are many who are prejudiced against the Herbraic type, personally and by tradition, and in this connection an amusing story is told by Walter Raymond. A regular winter guest at the Raymond stood in the lobby one morning, and then flung over to the desk, and in a rather petulant mood remarked, "Say, I'm getting tired of seeing so many Jews. You have the entire clothing trade of Chicago here. Give me my bill. I'm going over to the Huntington." He went away, and in less than an hour was back demanding his former room. He explained: "I started to register and the first name I saw on the book was Nathan Straus. A clerk was saying, 'Your machine will be here in a minute, Mr. Cohen.' A page was calling for Mr. Simonson and right behind me a voice said: 'Good morning, Abe, golf today, oder pinochle?' That was enough for me. I'm going to stick here where at least I have become accustomed to the Jews." Another story of the season just closed is of a wealthy Jew who was fond of horseback riding. He had been hiring a fine horse, and decided to buy it, if he could make arrangements to have it kept on the hotel grounds. He spoke to the manager who smiled, and named a ridiculously high rate. "Excuse me, Mr. Landlord" said the son of Abraham, with a twinkle in his eyes, "but I don't mind if you sting me for my board—I'm a Jew—but the horse ain't a Jew too, is it?"

Fritzi Scheff and Her Tantrums

I have been watching for accounts of tantrums by Fritzi Scheff in her Orpheum engagement, but she has not obliged. I saw Manager Clarence Drown at the theater the other night, but he did not seem to be worrying to any great extent. Cantankerous stars have hard sledding when they try to exercise their peevish propensities in his house, for the minute they try to transgress their contracts they are pulled up short and told they must behave or move out. Invariably, they behave, although several years ago Mr. Drown summarily cancelled one troupe's contract for refusing to be amenable to the rules of the theater. In any event, Fritzi seems to be maligned or else she has reformed for the time being. Jack McMahon, the well known advance man, tells this story of a brother manager: "There was a hitch in the affairs of a company that Steve Martin had out, and the stage manager came rushing to the front of the house, out of breath. 'Well, go on, what's the matter?' Steve asked. 'You can't worry me. I was once manager for Fritzi Scheff.'"

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Closing its season last Saturday night, the Brahms quintet presented a program almost entirely made up of modern numbers, and with half of it by local composers. The opening number was the piano trio by Charles W. Cadman, the one which was played recently at a Lyric Club concert. Composer Cadman was at the piano and the other performers were Messrs Seiling and Simonsen. This performance duplicated the impression given by the work at its first hearing. Its squarking first and third movements will make it a favorite. The second movement is tuneful but garrulous, starting somewhere but not arriving anywhere, yet it is pretty enough. In the hands of these performers the full beauty of the composition was displayed. The heavy number of the evening was a quintet by Caesar Franck. This seems the work of a large mind having a full grasp of technicalities. He takes hold of his instruments in a masterful way. But the work is rather grandiose. It is heard with respect rather than interest. But more of that later. There was a central group of string quartets in which Bach, Leclair and Victor Herbert were heard and the local writers, Mrs. Jessie Edwards and Frank H. Colby. With my friendship for the latter, I am almost afraid to say that I preferred the Colby work, even to that of Bach—the latter being the well known Bourne, in every third grade piano repertoire, one of Bach's lightest. The Leclair numbers pleased by their antique flavor; the Edwards and Herbert selections were suave, sweetly tuneful, not pretending to weight. But Mr. Colby has taken the style of a century and a half ago, and served it up with modern trimmings of harmony. There is counterpoint, contrast of themes, harmonic interest and musical development displayed in this "Old Dance"—which by the way is new—and it proves that the composer should give more time to his muse of creation, which he too modestly considers of minor importance.

Waldo F. Chase was represented on the program by four songs, sung by Clifford Lott, "Silent Safety," "Der Seelenkranke," "The Butterfly," and "Fuhr Dich." The composer, was wise in choosing his singer or the singer was wise in choosing his composer, I don't know which. The songs are in the German lieder style, conservative in their treatment, but full of melody. Mr. Lott sang them with delicate feeling, showing close attention to the sentiment of the text and the intentions of the composer. There was a large audience present, made up of those who enjoy the best music and attracted by the reputation Messrs. Seiling, Rovinsky, Kopp, Simonsen and Grunn have made for their organization.

Referring to the Cadman and the Franck numbers given at the Brahms concert, there arises the question whether it is better to display one's scholarship or write to please the general musical public. I said, above, that the Franck work was heard with respect rather than with interest. That will call down on me the charge of not appreciating serious music. But does one have to appreciate—that is to say enjoy—all serious music? There are tons of music printed that is serious—and deadly dull. Now, of course Franck's music is not dull; rather, it is intellectual. Possibly, several hearings of this quintet would make one

like it. The best music does not make all its appeal at once. Bach, Beethoven, Wagner do not. Yet one cannot term their music tiresome—save certain long-winded sections of Wagner. Many persons voice an appreciation of music to insure their footing with others—who possibly are putting up the same "bluff." Why fear to say we don't enjoy a Beethoven sonata if we honestly do not? This quintet of Franck impresses as smelling of several lamps, yet with a spot of rather forced originality. He demands admiration for his workmanship, but for musical pleasure—now, don't laugh—I would rather hear the last movement of that Cadman trio again. There! The secret is out. "That shows our musical writers know nothing about music. Rather hear an American work than that of the French composer! Laugh! What do these young Americans know about writing music, anyway. Me for Bach and Beethoven. Let's have a glass of beer."

Last Friday night saw the reopening of Morosco hall with new furnishings and a new name. It is on the eighth floor of the Majestic theater building. The capacity of the hall was tested to hear an elaborate program given by the new Schliwen string quartet assisted by several local artists of high standing. The quartet is composed of Richard Schliwen, first violin, Theodor Gordo, second, August Kolster, viola, and Ludwik Opid, violoncello. These are all instrumentalists of ripe experience and the combination proved a quartet which will rank high in the musical art of Los Angeles as it played with spirit and understanding. Its numbers were the Schubert quartet in D, an allegro movement of a Mendelssohn quartet and shorter selections from Dvorak and Haydn. The debut of this quartet of players was one of which they may be proud. The assisting artists were Mrs. Catherine Shank, Frances Brumbaugh and Anthony Carlson, with Mrs. Carlson as accompanist. Mrs. Shank offered a Massenet song which she sang with delightful fluency and two American songs, by Woodman and Clark, in equally attractive manner. Anthony Carlson has not been heard in recital recently and so his appearance was all the more welcomed. He sang in French, German and English, the latter being the popular "Danny Deever" of Walter Damrosch, which he handled with dramatic feeling and expressive enunciation. Miss Brumbaugh offered piano selections from Liszt and Chopin with much satisfaction on the part of her audience, Edith Reed reading a number in conjunction with the singer. In fact, the whole program was enthusiastically received and formed an auspicious opening for an attractive and central recital hall.

While Los Angeles did not give the Chicago opera company a satisfactory reception, from a financial or a newspaper standpoint, that which it received at San Francisco was worse—but there were reasons. Titta Ruffo was said to be ill and did not appear. He was cast for the opening night and the public was not notified in advance of his withdrawal. That left a bad taste in the public mouth. "Hamlet" and "Don Giovanni" were withdrawn and "Traviata" and "Lucia substituted. Which was like substituting milk for champagne at a Shrine banquet and evoked about as much enthusiasm. Then there were oddities of attendance. At one performance "Thais" had

a small audience; the next had a large one. The first performance of "Parsifal" drew a large audience; but the second one brought out only a small house. Even the novelties like "The Jewels of the Madonna" had no great drawing power in San Francisco.

Now, let us be frank: why should anyone (not particularly interested in the orchestra) care to attend a second performance of "Parsifal?" To the person who knows orchestra music, the score is a continual pleasure—but the singers might as well be omitted, insofar as music is concerned. It reminds me of that Wagnerian singer of earlier days, who, when asked how he got along with Wagner's vocal part, said "Oh, you know Wagner uses six of the tones of the scale in his chord in the orchestra; I just find the seventh one and blaze away on that." One of our best Los Angeles musicians told me that when in Germany he studied the score thoroughly, memorized the twenty-five themes, went to the Bayreuth performances throughout filled with the score—and then went to sleep during the performance. He attended twice. The third time he sold his ticket for enough to pay his travel and expenses at the other two—and he is one of the best musicians in the west. With that from a thorough musical student, how do you suppose "Parsifal" strikes the laymen—save those who think it is the proper thing to rave over what they do not understand? "Parsifal" is a great work; so is Numbers a great book in the Bible. But one doesn't read numbers for pleasure. I made a point of asking every person I knew had attended the recent "Parsifal" how he liked it. So far, I have just one vote in Mr. Wagner's favor and that was—well, he's a mighty good fellow and I won't tell you his name.

Roy Jepson again will pilot the fortunes of a chorus to Chicago this summer. He has been director of several concert tours over the Santa Fe course in former years from the University of Southern California and other schools and now he is selected to direct the glee club of the College of Law which will give concerts from here to Chicago. The tour will begin April 27 and will continue a month.

Christian Endeavor society chorus directed by L. F. Peckham sang Gaul's little known oratorio the Passion Service, at the First Congregational church. The chorus was assisted by W. F. Skeel, organist, and Mrs. Omev pianist. The oratorio had been in rehearsal since January and the chorus which numbered more than 200, gave a good account of the ability of its director.

Los Angeles has sent an ambassador to Europe to treat for the presence of notables at the meeting of the Sangergunden here, in 1915. Beautiful parchment invitations have been lettered. The first one will be presented by plenipotentiary Frank Dörner to President Wilson. Emperor William and Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and the president of Switzerland all are scheduled to receive these unique invitations and there is no doubt they will be glad to visit Los Angeles in the festival year. Mr. Dörner will visit many choral societies of these German-speaking countries urging them to be present at the great Sangerfest in the summer of next year. The combined societies under whose auspices it is held cover the western two-thirds of the continent. There has been talk of societies from Germany chartering a vessel and coming by way of the Panama canal. This is entirely feasible as there will be many besides the singers who will want to come from Germany to visit the exposition in San Francisco and San Diego that year.

Next week Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Selby, well known in musical circles, leave

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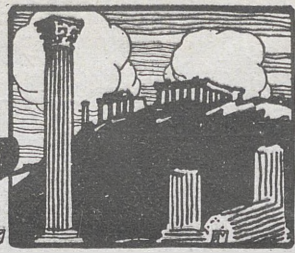
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for Europe, sailing April 16 on the Imperator. They will meet their daughter who has been studying with Josef Lhevinne two or three years, at Hamburg or Leipzig and pass six months visiting the principal European points of interest and especially the Wagner festivals of Bayreuth and Munich.

Included in the music recently placed in the Los Angeles public library, is the first representation of the national music of Spain. Hitherto, the best and the best known treatment of Spanish material has been by composers not of Spain, but within the last twenty years the Spanish material has developed in a Spanish tradition according to Spanish methods. Pedrell, who heads the Catalonian school full of fire and color, Albeniz, who takes his themes straight from the people; Granados, who is described "as one of the finest artistic figures we know;" and Isidro Hernandez, with his arrangements of folk music, these are all represented.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:

American and European Painters—Museum Art Gallery.
Senefelder Club—Museum Art Gallery.
Martin J. Jackson—Steckel Gallery.
California Art Club—Woman's Club House.

I understand that art in the Southwest is no longer a "specter at the feast." Just how or when or why this knowledge was borne in upon us should be an enigma in the minds of the public. All who read the penny yellow sheets that litter our streets morning and evening will readily recognize my luminous quotation. Indeed "the specter at the feast" was the title given in caps to the last word on art in Los Angeles. We are the greatest people on earth and live in the grandest state in or out of any union of states. Our real estate boomers convinced us of this fact years ago. Now, someone who wisely withholds his worthless name, arises in our midst and pronounces us "the greatest art people on earth." Think of it! Our struggling little colony of art workers, young in years and in knowledge, proclaimed as the greatest art prophets the world has ever known. Every painter who cherishes the best interests of art in Southern California will resent the absurd article as much if not more than I do. We know our standing in the art world and considering the extreme youth of the west we have no cause to be ashamed of our rating. We also know that we are not yet an art people and no amount of false advertising will make us so. Just how "the specter at the feast" idea applies is not altogether clear in my mind. No doubt, the superlative writer meant to convey the idea that art was not dead. We agree with this, but let us suppress such fulsome praise. It harms far more than it helps.

In the Bronson Building, West Seventh street, is housed an unique and unusual exhibition. This is the City Planning Exhibition that was originally held in the Armory in New York. Within the last year this collection of charts and plans has been making the circuit of the larger cities in the United States and let us hope that it has accomplished something of its mission. City planning is a near experiment and like all experiments it has yet to prove its real worth as a lasting and permanent method of transforming an ugly city into one of beauty. America is the proper place for the test. As a nation we can boast of more hideous cities and towns than can any other country under the sun. City planning is, no doubt, the natural outgrowth of conditions. It is art defending itself in the face of vulgarity and commercial greed. Our cities have not been planned, they have just come up over night and been allowed to grow without pruning. They are big and rich and showy and withal a rare expression of the people who own them. This new movement is a protest and one that is well meant and deserving of our encouragement. To make a city over again is no small task and should be well considered.

How much wiser it would be if we had enough foresight to build right from the start. What an amount of time, trouble, and money could be saved. When a city has grown to the size of Chicago, San Francisco, or Los Angeles, it seems hard to have persons come along and tell us that our plan is all wrong and we must submit to a general overhauling. That is exactly what is happening in Chicago and is

about to happen in San Francisco. Chicago is accomplishing wonders and the latest reports declare that the whole aspect of the city has changed. Fancy Chicago becoming beautiful! There is hope for Los Angeles. The great trouble with our western cities lies in the fact that the majority of them were never intended to be cities. They were pueblos in the beginning and it was as pueblos they were expected to remain. The present exhibit is not one that he who runs may read. It requires much time and concentration to absorb it. Much of its worth is contained in the charts and maps and it takes time to digest a map. However, this is time well spent.

What Carmel is to the painters of northern California, Laguna is to the artists of the southwest. At the Kanst gallery F. W. Cuprien is showing a score of his marine studies, all of which have been painted at Laguna since the artist located there six months ago. Cuprien is a marine painter from choice, for I have seen canvases that he painted in Europe that were not seascapes that were equal to any work shown at this time. In fact, I have in my mind a series of snow scenes painted in the Swiss Alps that surpass any effort in this line I have ever seen. Cuprien tells me that his one desire since early childhood was to paint marines. As a lad he lived on Long Island Sound and his great love for the sea was surely fostered by that picturesque body of water dotted with fishing boats. His boyhood days were passed about the wharves and the old ship yards. His first art training was acquired at the Art Students' League in New York. With the knowledge gained here he painted several Long Island pictures, mostly along the coast, showing fishing boats along the wharves at various times of day.

About that time he went to Philadelphia and studied under Carl Weber and the great marine painter William F. Richards. After passing several years in Philadelphia he sailed for Europe, going first to Munich where he sat for three years under Carl Raupp. He then went to Paris, pursuing his studies in the Julien Academy for two years. Following this Mr. Cuprien toured Europe, sketching in Heligoland, Bonholm Sylt, Switzerland, Italy and the British Isles. In his career as a painter Mr. Cuprien has painted many deep sea canvases from all the seven seas and several of these are included in the present showing. To all Californians his more recent works along our own coast will prove the most interesting for the picture lover and the layman.

An exhibition of thirty-one landscapes and marines by Ernest Browning Smith is now on view at Blanchard gallery. The pictures are from familiar localities in Southern California, Yosemite Valley, and the Lake Tahoe country. Mr. Smith is self-taught and his method is truly his own. It shows neither the ear-marks of a modern school nor the influence of a master. Needless to say the way is long for the man to travel alone. Smith has not yet found himself and to the art student it is interesting to mark his progress from year to year. It requires strength of purpose and infinite patience to woo the muse single-handed and alone. Art is so long and time so fleeting, and it is such a momentous task to paint a good canvas that I

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think an artist is justified in taking all the advantage of training and short cuts to success that he possibly can. If Mr. Smith were a younger man I would hold out more encouragement for the future than I can honestly do in the face of conditions. Among the most noteworthy canvases shown at this time mention may be made of "The Evening Star," "Moonlight, Arroyo Seco," "Tallac Meadows," "Twilight, Altadena," "Reflections" and "Mt. Tallac."

Under the direction of Madeline Devinish a new gallery for the exhibition and sale of modern art will open Monday in the Title Guarantee Building. The paintings shown include fine examples of the work of E. Holding, one of the most original of modern English watercolor artists and a noteworthy exhibitor at the Royal Society of British Artists, Royal George Institute, Royal Hibernian Academy, etc. Mr. Holding's favorite sketching grounds are the lowlands of East Anglia with their wide expanse of sky and low, interesting horizon, the luxuriantly wooded country of Surrey, and the wild, open ranges of Dartmoor in Devon. All who have visited the south of France will be interested in seeing remarkable oil paintings from the brush of Frederic Gay, officer from the French Academy and member of the jury of the Societe des Amis des Arts, exhibitor at the Paris Salon, and other leading exhibitions. The paintings shown represent scenes in Provence and the Riviera. The exhibition will be open daily from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 5:30 p. m.

Fannie E. Duvall will leave Los Angeles April 24 to sail for Europe April 30. She will probably be gone for several years, passing a year in Venice, going thence to Florence and Rome.

Roland W. Reed, who has studied the North American Indian for a dozen years, will soon hold an exhibition of artistic photographs in Los Angeles.

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Social & Personal

Another brilliant wedding added itself to the annals of St. John's Episcopal church Wednesday evening, when Miss Sally Hilliard Polk, daughter of Mrs. Ismaela Marta Polk, became the bride of Mr. Hulett Clinton Merritt, Jr., the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hulett Clinton Merritt of Pasadena. The church was decorated with blossoms to carry out the Dresden effect, all of the wedding appointments having been planned in this scheme. Floral arches of white, pink and yellow buds marked the path of the bridal party and the rod and chancel were woven with myriads of these blossoms. The bride was garbed in white satin, with bodice of Limerick lace, and her veil was of the same lace, wreathed with orange blossoms. Her shower was an armful of orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. George Trowbridge Mackley, matron of honor, was in turquoise blue with touches of violet, and the second matron, Mrs. Raymond Boileau Mixsell, wore pale yellow. Mrs. Kathleen Tottenham was in pink of a frail color and Miss Rosaline Merritt wore a robe of deep rose. Each attendant carried a shower of Cecil Brunners and lilies of the valley. Dr. Granville MacGowan escorted the bride to the altar, and Mrs. Polk gave her daughter in marriage. Mr. Lee Benoist served as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. George Laughry, Chalmers Coutts Gray, John Johnson, Arthur Haben, Albert Cook, Thomas Haben, George DuBois, Theodore Cadwalder, Harland Christy, George Baer, Francis Baer, Philip Harrigan, Philip Rowan and Dr. Raymond Boileau Mixsell. The Reverend George Davidson, rector of the church, read the service. Immediately following the ceremony the young folk departed for their wedding tour. On their return they will occupy the Merritt home in Pasadena, while the elder Merritts are abroad.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Raymond Boileau Mixsell of Pasadena gave a luncheon for the bride-elect at the Valley Hunt Club. Easter lilies and white tulle ribbons combined with lilies of the valley, made fragrant decorations, and monogrammed cards marked places for Mrs. I. M. Polk, Mrs. Hulett Clinton Merritt, Mrs. Frederick Fairbanks, Mrs. George Trowbridge Hackley, Mrs. Edgar Washburn, Mrs. Maitland Bishop, Mrs. Ray Marsh, Mrs. Allen Murphy, Mrs. Otto Behr, Mrs. E. T. Gates and the Misses Clara Bull, Rosaline Merritt, Edith Runyon, Kathleen Tottenham and Agnes Whitaker. Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Merritt gave a dinner for their son and his fiancée at their home in Pasadena. A mound of Cecil Brunner roses formed the centerpiece for the table, which was lighted with pink and white shaded candles and set with Dresden china. Covers were arranged for Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Boileau Mixsell, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. I. M. Polk, Miss Kathleen Tottenham, Miss Jessie Platt, Miss Rosaline Merritt, Mr. Robert Cook, Mr. Lee Benoist of New Orleans and the Reverend George Davidson. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Stanley Guthrie gave an informal tea at her home on Harvard boulevard, spring blossoms and ferns decking the rooms. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. Walter B. Cline, Mrs. Walter Mercer Brunswick, Mrs. Stanley A. Visel, Mrs. Edward M. Guthrie, Mrs. Kenyon Farrar Lee, Mrs. I. M. Polk, Mrs. William Stone, Miss Constance Cline, Miss Marguerite Hughes, Miss Frances Richards, Miss Phyllis Hudson, and Miss Evangeline Duque. Tuesday evening Mr. Merritt gave his farewell bachelor supper at the home of his

parents. Roses decked every corner of the rooms, and the dining room glowed with red roses. The centerpiece was of the blossoms, and they were scattered across the cloth in profusion. Covers were laid for Messrs. Philip Rowan, John Johnson, Stanley Visel, Albert Gallatin Cook, Chalmers Coutts Gray, Harper Thomas Habel, of Los Angeles, Lee Benoist of New Orleans, George Dubois of San Francisco, and Dr. Raymond Mixsell, George Baer, Francis Baer, Harland Christy and George Laughry of Pasadena.

Last evening at the beautiful place of Captain William Banning at Twenty-first and Hoover, the Amateur Players enjoyed one of the most delightful occasions since their organization. This was "The Evolution of the Dance," and from the proceeds a bed at the Children's Hospital will be maintained. After an exhibition of dances, all of the guests enjoyed the ball. There were many quaint and exquisite costumes, with the pretty maidens looking like blossoms in the old fashioned and new fashioned garb. Miss Katherine Barbour, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Juliet Boileau and Miss Louise Hunt, with Messrs. Carrol Stilson, L. B. Jones, W. S. Witmer and Horace Boynton gave a charming picture of the minuet, while Miss Virginia Walsh and Mr. Robert Craig were no less graceful in the gavotte. Miss Helen Newlin and Mr. Jack McFarland did the "hop-waltz" and Miss Mildred Burnett and Mr. Frank Simpson danced the polka. Mrs. Robert Sweeney, Miss Marion Winston, Miss Gertrude King, Miss Kate Van Nuys and Messrs. Robert Sweeney, Gonzales Munoz, Roy Naftzger and James Page did the lancers. The gallop was performed by Miss Lucy Lantz and Mr. Robert Merrick, and Miss Margaret Daniell and Mr. George Reed presented the schottische. Dr. Archie Macleish and Miss Frances Edwards gave the glide waltz, and Miss Lillian Van Dyke and Mr. John Rankin the two-step. In the modern dances were Mrs. Walter Brunswick and Mr. Frederick Gay in the Boston; Miss Aileen McCarthy and Mr. Morgan Adams in the one-step, Mrs. Roy Pierce and Mr. Frank Gilchrist in the hesitation, Miss Elizabeth Wood and Mr. Eric Kobbe in the tango, Miss Martha Woolwine and Mr. Paul Herron in the Maxixe and Mrs. Guy Cochran and Mr. Robert Farquhar in the "cubist-futurist" dance. A Spanish dance was given by Mrs. Kent Parrott, Mrs. John C. Nivin, Mrs. J. Kingsley Macomber, and Messrs. Tim Horan, Donald McGilvray, Walter Van Pelt and William T. Reed.

Miss Nora Kirchoffer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kirchoffer of West Twenty-seventh street, was married Thursday at twilight to Mr. Gordon Macleish, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Macleish of Kingsley drive. The service was read by the Reverend George Davidson at St. John's Episcopal church. The bride was gowned in white charmeuse, trimmed with Limerick lace that has descended to her from her great grandmother. Her tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower of these blossoms, combined with lilies of the valley. Her only attendant was her sister, Miss Muriel Kirchoffer, whose gown was of pale green satin draped with chiffon and trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds. Her bouquet was an armful of Cecil Brunner roses. Dr. Archibald Macleish served his brother as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Anstruther Davidson, Ray Rule, Simeon Baldwin and Sidney Briggs. The ceremony was performed

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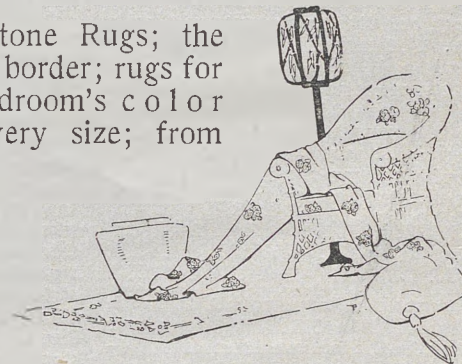
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at five o'clock, and afterward the family and close friends adjourned to the Kirchoffer home for dinner. The young people are enjoying a month's wedding trip.

Miss Martha Woolwine is already entering on the round of gayety in which she is to be the chief figure before her marriage June 10. Tuesday afternoon Miss Elizabeth Helm of Ellendale place gave a luncheon for this popular bride-elect, covers being laid for Mrs. Walter Mercer Brunswig, Mrs. Forrest Stanton, Miss Constance Byrne, Miss Florence Johnson, Miss Miriam Ives, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Evangeline Duque, Miss Helen Duque, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Mary Hughes and Miss Dorothy Williams. Tuesday afternoon Miss Woolwine and Mrs. Mathews were the honored guests at the luncheon given for the former's girl friends by Mrs. Woods R. Woolwine of West Twenty-ninth street. Cecil Brunner roses were the decorations for the luncheon table, where covers were laid for ten. Miss Woolwine's mother, Mrs. W. D. Woolwine of Lake street, has returned from a trip to Santa Barbara, where she has been enjoying a short rest. Miss Woolwine and Mr. Banks have decided that their wedding party will include Miss Dorothy Lindley, the bride-to-be's closest friend, as maid of honor, and Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Florence Johnson, Miss Dorothy Williams and Miss Eugenia Patterson of Nebraska as bridesmaids. The matron of honor is to be Mrs. Mai Mathews, Mr. Banks' sister, who has been a guest at the Woolwine home for some time. Mr. Banks Bennie will act as best man, and the groomsmen are Messrs. Keith McVeigh of New York, Julian Potter of Kentucky, Will Bennie, Adolph Hill, Charles Whitworth and John Ransom of Nashville, Tenn., and Mr. Claire Woolwine of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning had about eight guests in to dinner before the performance of the Amateur Players last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off and Miss Georgia Off are at 2310 Juliet street for the time that will elapse before Miss Off's marriage to Mr. Jack Somers, which is to take place April 29. Until they build their own home, the young people will occupy the apartment at 2310 Juliet, Mr. and Mrs. Off returning to their home at San Juan Capistrano after the wedding.

Miss Daphne Drake, who with her aunt, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, left Thursday for a trip abroad, was the honored guest at the dinner dance given Wednesday evening at the Midwick Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller, of Pasadena. Miss Drake's especial friends occupied the large "honor" table which was beautifully arranged with blue and white iris. The smaller tables were also fragrant with iris, and the ballroom was glowing with baskets of vari-colored blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., have returned from a trip to Butte, Mont., and Friday evening were dinner guests with Mrs. James Soutter Porter and Mr. L. N. Brunswig of Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, who themselves only just returned from a motoring trip through the north. After dinner the group enjoyed the dancing of the Amateur Players.

Hundreds of guests called at the home of Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny of Wilshire boulevard Wednesday afternoon, the occasion being the tea party given by this charming hostess as a compliment to her prospective daughter-in-law, Miss Isabel Watson, daughter of Mrs. William R. Staats, whose engagement to Mr. Stuart O'Melveny was of great interest to society. Mrs. Staats and Miss Clara Watson received with the hostess and the honor guest, and a number of matrons and maids assisted at the punch bowl and tea tables. The drawing room was brilliant

with masses of American beauty roses, baskets of spring blossoms graced the hall, and in the dining room yellow tulips and Japanese iris made colorful decorations, and tall lilies lent their delicate beauty to the library.

Both Los Angeles and San Francisco are deeply interested in the coming marriage of Miss Doris Wilshire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wilshire of San Francisco, to Mr. Harold Plummer of this city. Miss Wilshire and her mother have been frequent guests in Los Angeles, and this winter they passed many months in this city, Pasadena and San Diego.

This afternoon Mrs. James C. Kays, Miss Ruth Kays and Miss Cecelia Kays are giving a tea party at their home on New Hampshire street, for which several hundred invitations have been issued. Baskets of spring flowers will beautify the rooms, and a number of friends have been asked to assist.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen M. Dorsey of South Figueroa street gave a dinner last evening for their house guest, Mrs. De Witt Knox of Salt Lake City, who is Mrs. Dorsey's niece. Guests were Mrs. J. P. Bigelow, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams, Mrs. Louis Knox, Mrs. Mai Banks Mathews of Nashville, Tenn., Miss Martha Woolwine, Miss Mildred McMillen, Miss Louise Nixon Hill, and Messrs. G. M. Chartier, Keating Phillips, Richard Garvey, Allen Archer, Paul Herron and William Kays.

Friday afternoon a delightful luncheon was presided over by Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins of Gramercy place. Spring blossoms and ferns were used in decorating the house and also the luncheon tables where places were arranged for Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Lynn Helm, Mrs. J. W. McKinley, Mrs. Joseph Banning, Mrs. Woods R. Woolwine, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Burton E. Green, Mrs. Scott Helm, Mrs. George Griffith, Mrs. Rufus Herron, Mrs. Walter Trask, Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. John Garner, Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, Mrs. Victor Shaw, Mrs. John Atkinson, Mrs. Charles Thomas, Mrs. T. J. Fleming, Mrs. W. K. Thomson, Mrs. Joathan Scott, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Cliff Page, Sr., Mrs. Cliff Page, Jr., Mrs. A. H. Busch and Mrs. W. W. Woolwine.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo M. Chandler gave an informal bridge party Wednesday evening as a farewell courtesy to Count and Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, who will soon leave Los Angeles for Austria. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Frank Griffith gave a luncheon for them, and next week they are to be honored with several affairs, including the buffet supper to be given Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dunn, and the tea to be given Sunday afternoon, April 26, by Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nivin asked half a dozen guests to dinner Friday evening as a preliminary to the Amateur Players' entertainment.

Miss Georgia Johnson was the guest of honor at the matinee party given Monday afternoon at the Orpheum, followed by tea at Hotel Alexandria. Pink roses decked the table and hand painted cards marked covers for Miss Lina Johnson, Miss Mary Bacon, Miss Margaret Ericson, Miss Helen Cavanagh, Miss Lucy Smith and Mrs. J. Clark Smith. Tuesday afternoon Miss Lucy Smith of Pasadena gave a luncheon for Miss Johnson, and this evening Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence Doheny are entertaining with a dinner dance in honor of Miss Johnson and her fiancé, Mr. Donald Dawson, at their home in Chester place.

Although it was formally announced last week, Wednesday afternoon a second announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Eloise Roen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Roen of Hollywood, to Mr. Alvin B. Carpen-

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Angela's Confidential Chat

MY Dear: I really thought when I told you that things would have begun to pick up a little, that I would have something to tell you this week. However, it looks much as if, in common with many others, you will have to wait "till next fall," for anything of interest to happen.

At church Sunday my thoughts were forcibly removed from the important and necessary subjects of the moment by the majestic entrance of E— W—, in a hat obviously borrowed for the solemn occasion from Mrs. Guy B—.

I heard an awfully funny story the other day, about certain people that we both know. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the details, but Jack told it to me, and he is about the best informed person in town upon all these things.

It seems that, the other night, toward the conclusion of a large gathering a certain person was making an early departure. There are those who will say that she does this in order to enjoy to the full the patronage of a large crowd at the top of the stairs.

Be that as it may, the said person, after completing her hand-shakings, turned to descend. Alas, fortune's smile was mischievous that night, for, catching one of her fifty-dollar shoes in the train of her thousand-dollar gown she fell. The assistance that was instantly and efficiently rendered did not arrive in time to rob the crowd of a ravishing glimpse (and generous) of Red Flannel—. As I said at the beginning, it is Jack's story, not mine, but—

You ask me what I think would be a suitable birthday present for J— B—. I have thought hard, and, as a result, I suggest a large, if possible, a life-size portrait of young T— D. Provided, of course, that you can get it.

How I ever came to forget it last week I do not know, but I hope Glen Martin appreciated in full his responsibility as he soared "like a diamond in the sky," with two such precious passengers as Mrs. J. S. P. and the svelte B—. Of course, we cannot all be aviatrices just yet, but—you MUST blow your bugle if you want to be heard.

I liked your last letter immensely; now do keep it up. I confess that this letter of mine is as dull as ever, but I promise you a nice bright "chatty" one soon.

ANGELA.

Los Angeles, April 16, 1914.



Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

There are several hours of good entertainment to be found in the adventures of "The Girl Behind the Counter," the latest Gaiety attraction at the Morosco. To be sure, the greater part of its laugh-provoking qualities are interpolated by the players, and there is much of the obvious, but Al Shean, Maude Beatty and Daphne Pollard can make even the obvious appear the quintessence of fun. When Al Shean was here with "The Candy Shop" he was second only to the Rock-Fulton team, and in "The Girl Behind the Counter" he holds the center of the stage against all comers. Shean is a good comedian. The contrast between his antics and his round, naive, wondering face is a gift from nature that adds a keen flavor to his fun-making. There was a number of familiar faces in the cast of principals. Myrtle Dingwall, who was one of the most popular prima donnas that Ferris Hartman ever boasted, returns in a prominent role. Miss Dingwall was ever possessed of a personality of unusual magnetism, and her graceful dancing was always a delight. She improves with years in these particulars. Perhaps, her voice has not the same bird-like note that it had when it was fresh and unstrained, but there is still enough lyric sweetness in it to make it much more worth while than most of those found in musical productions. Maude Beatty also comes back, and her fun-making proclivities, especially in a cockney role, have not abated one whit. Even a time-worn scene in which Al Shean gets her intoxicated does not weary, because of the way in which it is handled. Daphne Pollard's diminutive person contains a high voltage of energy. She makes the cunningest of baby dolls, and her pickaninny dance is a scream. There is a new face in the gallery that is most alluring—that of Ann Tasker, and Miss Tasker also has a voice that entitles her to recognition. Arthur Clough does most of the vocal pyrotechnics for the masculine cast, and his drinking song, with the male quartette makes a big hit. Orral Humphries, despite an accent that does not ring true, makes a deal of fun as an English lordling. There are many pretty faces in the chorus, and there is a lavishness of "fashion show" costumes that are as pleasing to the men as they are to the women in the audience. The songs are many and pleasing, especially toward the end of the first act and in the last act.

Star of the Orpheum

Since Fritz Scheff appeared here in light opera there has been a subtle change in her personality. There is none of that little flit of animation, that suggestion of wilful caprice that proved so fascinating in "Mlle. Modiste." She seems a little wearied, a little disappointed, a little bored with her audiences and slightly deprecating the fact that she is doing the "two a day." But she still can sing. The high notes are a little off pitch now and then, and the nuance of warmth is lacking. Monday's audience enthusiastically greeted her "Kiss Me Again" song from "Mlle. Modiste," and waxed highly appreciative of her brilliant rendition of that haunting "A Little Love, a Little Kiss." They also admired her gown, an exquisite creation of black and white which is one of the most beautiful costumes ever seen on the stage. It fits the wearer perfectly, is modestly but smartly cut—in fact, her attire was the perfection of beauty and good taste. Her accom-

panist, Louis Aschendelfer, is a pianist of unusual ability, but he should submerge his talents entirely when he is playing for Mlle. Scheff. There is a sketch on the bill which for maudlin sentimentality and poor acting surpasses the imagination. It is an attempt to portray a temperamental prima donna, and its shortcomings are woefully marked. Shirli Rives sings and acts the leading role. Her upper register entitles her to a hearing, but the low notes are atrocious, and her method is astonishingly bad—but not so bad as her acting. She is good to look at, and that is the best that can be said of the act. Elsie and Willie Blessing have an equilibristic act, in which Elsie handles Willie as though he were a ten-pound sack of flour. Jack and Phil Kaufman have an act of old-fashioned nonsense which the house likes, and Edward Gillette's monkeys took a vicious turn Monday afternoon which probably made them more interesting than any series of trained feats would do. Holding over are Ray Samuels, Henry Woodruff and the Kingston-Ebner duo.

Offerings For Next Week

"Auction Pinochle" has proved just as big a success at the Burbank at the increased prices, as it did with the regular Burbank schedule. It has reached that stage of smoothness that is only possible through continued actual performance, and it will begin the third week of its run the Sunday matinee. "Auction Pinochle" is a tuneful and humorous comedy, and it has made one of the biggest hits Los Angeles has seen in many days. Adolf Philipp, author of "Auction Pinochle" and of many other big successes of today, has worked industriously ever since the first performance, and several changes have been made, all to the distinct advantage of the offering. Jess Dandy, Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence, Winifred Bryson, Forrest Stanley, Walter Catlett, and the full strength of the big Burbank company have been used in making "Auction Pinochle" a winner. It is scheduled for a metropolitan production the coming season, and several of the present cast will be engaged for the New York presentation.

Those who witnessed the first performance of "The Girl Behind the Counter" did not doubt that it would run for a second week at the Morosco theater, or even longer. Seats for the second week are now on sale, and there is every indication that the "standing room only" sign will have to be utilized. Al Shean, Daphne Pollard, Myrtle Dingwall, Ann Tasker, and many other members of this company have scored instant success with Los Angeles audiences. There are many good looking girls, beautiful costumes, entertaining dancing numbers, and good song interpolations. Al Shean, who has been lifted to headline honors, is proving his right to this distinction in the leading role of the good-natured German who is unexpectedly made a millionaire. Myrtle Dingwall is an old-time favorite here, and her popularity is undiminished, while Daphne Pollard's peculiar brand of comedy has always made a hit with Los Angeles audiences.

Monday afternoon, April 20, will begin Fritz Scheff's last week at the Orpheum. Miss Scheff has been a powerful drawing card in her first week, and with a complete change of repertoire and a new display of gowns, she should add to her popularity in her

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street.
Near Sixth.

Third week of this sweeping success begins Sunday Matinee, April 19.

"Auction Pinochle"

By Adolf Philipp, Edward A. Paulton and Jean Briquet, with JESS DANDY, Frances Cameron, Walter Lawrence and an especially engaged cast, including the Big Burbank Company.

Prices: Nights—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00; Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c.

MOROSCO THEATER

Broadway bet.
Seventh and Eighth

Second week begins Sunday Matinee, April 19. The Gaiety Theater Company presents

AL SHEAN—IN THE CARNIVAL OF LAUGHS AND HAUNTING MELODIES

"The Girl Behind the Counter"

Prices: 25c, 75c and \$1.00; Matinees—25c, 50c and 75c.

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Historical Society's Late Publication

Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California, a double number, just issued, is full of interesting and readable matter. The thirtieth anniversary of the society's organization, which happened last November, was not forgotten. The veteran secretary and curator, James M. Guinn, who has been its untiring pilot for so many years, is honored with a photograph frontispiece, preceding an account of the society's chequered career by S. H. Hall. Until 1908, when Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt of the University of Southern California became a member and interested the university and friends, the society was practically homeless. With this year came a liberal increase in membership, and the public school officials and teachers of the city lent their aid. And now it has its belongings housed in a wing of the handsome Historical Museum in Exposition Park. The list of contents in the present issue shows how live an interest the faculty of the University of Southern California—whose president is also president of the society—is taking in the development of this valuable organization. Among the articles of particular local and state interest in this volume of the publications are Mr. Guinn's "Juan Flaco's Ride" and "The Lost Mines of Catalina," Mr. H. D. Barrows' account of the Lugo Family of California, and Mr. Guinn's "The Passing of Our Historic Street Names." Dr. R. D. Hunt gives "A California Calendar of Pioneer Princes," Dr. James Main Dixon treats of Sir Francis Drake's visit to these shores in 1579, and Miss Mildred Wellborn discusses "Events Leading Up to the Chinese Exclusion Act." Mr. Leslie F. Gay, Jr., tells the story of a trip he took recently in Mexico.

final week. The notable feature of the new bill will be the first presentation here of the Paul Armstrong playlet, "To Save One Girl." Armstrong is known as the man with a "punch," and this quality is said to be strongly evident in his latest effort. It has been a big success wherever it has been seen. Another big act is that offered by Burns, Kilmer and Grady, the variety fellows. The boys are really college students who went into vaudeville on a vacation for a lark, with a gathering of college nonsense, song and patter. They made such a big hit, that they have not returned to their alma mater. The Hartleys, man and woman, are jumpers from England. The man has a number of records to his credit. The Stanleys are shadowgraphists, who mingle fun with clever depictions of creatures and events. Shirli Rives and company, Gillette's monkey act, and the Blessings are held over. A week later comes Olga Nethole in the third act of "Sapho."

Miller's Theater at the junction of Ninth, Spring and Main streets is offering for the remainder of this week, including Sunday, a really remarkable photoplay. "Daughters of Men" is its title and the author is Charles Klein. This delightful drama has been made into a five reel production by the famous Lubin all-star cast, and is bound to be as popular as a motion picture as it was on the legitimate speaking stage where it enjoyed several seasons of popularity. The same high class artists who made those other two Miller successes, "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Third Degree," appear in this play and although these other productions enjoyed two weeks' run the management was able to secure this offering for only four days.

Lady Grace Mackenzie, widely known for big game shooting exploits, has left Chicago for London, preparatory to an expedition into East Africa. She is to have a dual mission—first, the shooting, and, second, the capturing of the sounds of the forest, especially the jargon of the native negro and the chatter of the anthropoid apes, for a talking machine company.

Books

As if a really good novel were not rare enough, the chances for its discovery after publication are greatly decreased by the indiscriminate praise that is given to all of the thousands of novels in the annual crop. And then to find a good one hopelessly misunderstood by the reviewers is truly a crushing discouragement to him who values books. Gilbert Cannan is a new English writer who appeared a few years ago with "Peter Homunculus," and who, last year, made his calling and election sure with a stimulating if somewhat gloomy interpretation of life, "Round the Corner"—perhaps, one should say in explanation, the necessarily gloomy interpretation of the life led by the "lower middle classes" in one of those purgatorial manufacturing cities of England. This book, owing to the lack of that advertisement so lavishly accorded the Trash of the Week, remains unknown to all but the diligent seeker after fine things.

Now, there has just appeared Gilbert Cannan's new book, "Old Mole," a novel more thought-compelling, more illuminating and more enthralling than any that has been noticed in our supposedly reliable reviews in a year's file of depressing gush. And yet "Old Mole" is mentioned with only the vaguest appreciation and the most mistaken criticism; furthermore, condemnation is offered on the ground that it lacks plot, is interested in character if not actually in ideas. Well! well! Fortunately, it is not yet too late to point to James and Meredith as successful bearers of these terrible defects, and even to recall Wells and Galsworthy and George Moore as acknowledged artists who pride themselves on those same faults. The excellence of these men is not measurable with the brittle squares and footrules of the reviews; these are, with all the great, men above the law, and to them Gilbert Cannan is certainly to be added.

"Old Mole" is full of the pathetic humor that is discernible in the "History of Mr. Polly," and of the tragedy of life that marks Galsworthy's best studies. It lacks plot, that is, it is not melodramatic, because the author is interested in the development of his hero's mind; but the interest in this development is more intense than could be roused by any plot however perfectly contrived. That is to say, that the dramatic power of the book is remarkable: which is a sop to the critical, for it would be damning in the eyes of the critical to admit that this book was a novel of ideas. Of course, no one would read a book that had ideas in it, such things are too uncomfortable. Therefore, let us say that this book is a tremendously dramatic interpretation of life.

Now, if any one could tell us about life it would be he who has had the unique opportunity of living twice. That is just what Old Mole had. A student, a theorizer, a teacher up to the age of fifty, he is marvelously born again. He thus has the crystallized standards of the "thinking" world, against which he can match the fresh life he has just discovered, and his conclusions are wonderful. Old Mole has been a model school teacher for twenty-five years, and his poor mind is about to drop to its final sleep when he is arrested for assault on a servant-girl in a railway train. Of course, he was innocent of such deplorable conduct, but the scandal lost him his position. Dazed at first, then resentful, then curious, his mind gradually reawakens and life begins for him at the

age of fifty. He wanders the streets and by purest luck meets again the girl of the train, explains himself, finds that she has lost her position and her "character" because of the "young master," and casts in his lot with her and her uncle, an itinerant show-man.

Miraculous revolution, is it not? Because Old Mole had never lived he had never loved, and because this girl was the first woman he ever looked at he fell in love with her, and quixotically married her. His education of her, and the events that educate him, his love for her and her unfaithfulness to him, occupy the pages of this fascinating book. Old Mole is a thinker, an idealist, too analytical, a fool, but how wonderful a fool! I omit to comment on his treatment of his unfaithful wife and her lover, lest someone should be led to read the book in the hope of finding a sex-problem. There is nothing so trivial as that in it. The questions are life problems.

It is a book for the few. There is little expectation that Cannan will ever have the popularity even of Wells, much less that hysterical vogue accorded to Bennett's poorer books, but he is a profound thinker and will get some meager recognition for that. Thought is rare, and diligently to be prized. ("Old Mole." By Gilbert Cannan. D. Appleton & Co.) C. K. J.

"Victory Law"

It is not often today that the book reader runs across a thoroughly interesting and readable story which combines with those good qualities the further beauty of being well written, carefully built, logically concluded, and still leaving a pleasant taste in the mouth. To find this in a woman's novel is especially gratifying, and Anne Warwick's story, "Victory Law," should prove more enduring than most volumes that are thrust upon an unresisting public.

In the first place Miss Warwick has selected a plot, which while not exactly new, is so thoroughly studied and applied to human nature, that in itself it would mean success for a story. Her heroine is an actress, a warm-hearted, lovable soul, of that peculiar temperament, that sunny-somber individuality born only in those women who have not been conventionally bred, and in whose blood is the gypsy strain of the players. Victory is not the angelic creature that most of the "whipped-cream-and-strawberries" writers make their heroines. She is a thoroughly human creature, with her egoism and her vanities, her tempers and her shortcomings, her tenderesses, the big fineness of a woman who knows life and the world, her splendid capacity for love and for suffering—in short, she is the inevitable product of the environment given her by her creator. She has risen to the pinnacle of success, not, as she imagines, through her own talents, but through the subtle skill of the actor who plays opposite her.

Gilbert Karr is the master who plays upon her as a musician draws his bow across the string, rousing her to the highest pitch. Before she discovers this, however, she falls in love with Craig Dexter, first assistant district attorney, and son of a proud old family. She loves Craig enough to give up her career and marry him. But after the first wonder of their love has worn off, Victory feels like a stranded vessel. She knows nothing of Craig's work, nor makes much of an effort to enter into it. She dislikes the restraints

put upon her by his family and position; she longs for the understanding and freedom of her own circle. Gradually, the two grow apart, and the series of little misunderstandings that arise assume colossal importance. It is only when she has returned to the stage and realized that Karr is her fuel for what the critics have called her "divine fire," it is only when she and Craig reconsider and find that life is tasteless without each other to share it that they clasp hands to start over again as comrades. For pamphlets may be written and treatises expounded, women may lecture for individuality of expression and the right of each to live his or her own life; but the love life and the domestic existence of a man and woman can never reach its highest expression except when the woman is willing to submerge herself in her man. For a woman may still pursue her own little butterflies in her own little way without the man's sensing it, but to him she must be mother and wife and adviser—his cheer, his support. He may not realize how utterly he leans upon her, may not appreciate it, but to the woman who loves, the knowledge that she is the center of his existence is payment in full. It is the toll a woman must pay for marriage. Anne Warwick shows this most delicately and beautifully in "Victory Law." It is a good book and an earnest book, and its freedom from the hectic sex atmosphere is a delightful thing. ("Victory Law." By Anne Warwick. John Lane Co.)

"Little Lost Sister"

Cur-rses upon you, Jack Dalton! You have lured my poor, innocent little sister into a white slave den! Cur-rses! This is the atmosphere into which the reader is plunged in "Little Lost Sister," by Virginia Brooks. Has the world gone mad on the white slave question? It would seem so from the tidal wave of mediocre maundering that is inundating the land. Can the public ever do anything sanely? This hysterical agitation is as bad as the problem itself. At times, a subject is of such value that a crude and careless handling may be forgiven. But Virginia Brooks has no such recommendation. The story of the little country girl, deceived by a mock marriage and taken to a den of iniquity, is familiar and pitiful enough, but it has been handled so brilliantly by clever writers that a mediocre painting is to be deprecated. Miss Brooks has small idea of technical construction, and still less idea of character painting. Her people are as colorless as paper dolls, and just about as interesting to the adult mind. It is an atrocious piece of work. ("Little Lost Sister." By Virginia Brooks. Gazzolo and Rickson.)

Notes From Bookland

Theodore Roosevelt will probably emerge into civilization out of the South American wilderness at about the same time that one of the important results of his journey into the hunting grounds of South Africa will be set before the public. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish, April 25, "Life Histories of African Game Animals," by Theodore Roosevelt and Edmund Heller, in two volumes. Mr. Heller was one of the naturalists who accompanied Col. Roosevelt on his Smithsonian African expedition and in their collaboration the latter wrote the first drafts of the life histories and Mr. Heller prepared the technical descriptions. Afterward each reviewed, revised and approved the work of the other, so that they share a joint responsibility for the entire book. The work, it is said, will appeal to sportsman, scientist, and lay reader. Among the many interesting subjects that it will discuss is that of concealing and revealing coloration.

Hamlin Garland's appreciation of Stephen Crane, in the April number of The Yale Review, indicates that he retains to this day his earliest impressions of the genius of that erratic and lazy writer, whom he put in the way

Three Books by the Editor

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The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoticed data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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C. C. Parker,

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and Jones' Book Store,

226 WEST FIRST ST.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 7, 1914.

019945. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that William J. Hacker, whose post-office address is 400 So. Fremont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 22nd day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019945, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 24 Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00 and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 8th, 1914.

021746. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 436 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

of making an honest living and who showed his gratitude by dedicating to Mr. Garland a volume of verse of very dubious quality. It is a singularly sweet-tempered article, full of expressions of admiration for Crane.

Lovers of the more strenuous out-of-door sports will be interested in Howard Palmer's "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks," ready for publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons, which will offer a record of four years of pioneer work among the Canadian Alps. The author is the first to have surveyed and photographed an immense region in the northerly part of the Selkirks. The book has many illustrations from photographs, some of them taken from the tops of the loftiest peaks.

Outing Publishing Company has ready two new titles in its "Handbook Series": "The America's Cup Race," by Herbert L. Stone, and "Horse Packing," by Charles J. Post. The house has recently published, in the same series, "Salt Water Game Fishing," by Charles F. Holder; "The Canoe: Its Selection, Care, and Use," by Robert E. Pinkerton, and "Boxing," by D. C. Hutchinson. For dog lovers there are "Practical Dog Keeping," by William Haynes, in the Outing Handbook Series, and "Training the Dog," by Robert S. Lemmon, brought out by McBride, Nast & Co., both recent publications. Mr. Lemmon's book is devoted mainly to directions for bringing up the ordinary home dog in the way he should go.

Readers of Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class," published some years ago, will be curious as to his point of view in his new book, "The Instinct of Workmanship," which the Macmillans are bringing out. He holds that workmanship is a human instinct that has been of great importance in the advance of civilization and discusses what will be the effect upon that instinct of man's changed attitude toward work brought about by the universal use of machinery.

"Ancient Rome and Modern America," Guglielmo Ferrero's new volume of comparative studies of morals and manners, will be ready for publication by the Putnams in two or three weeks. In it Prof. Ferrero will compare the tendencies conspicuous in Roman society with such modern movements and forces as bossism, the growth of big fortunes, and feminism.

Claire Marie, the recently established publishing house that pays especial attention to belles lettres in artistic dress, announces "Objects: Food: Rooms," a cubist volume, by Gertrude Stein, and "Syrinx: Pastels of Hellas," by Mitchell S. Buck; also second printings of Louise Norton's one-act farce, "Little Wax Candle," and "Sonnetts from the Patagonian," by Donald Evans.

An important new book by J. Arthur Thompson, professor of natural history in the University of Aberdeen, is promised for this month by Henry Holt & Co. It is called "The Wonder of Life," and its chapter heads announce such subjects as "Power of Life," "Insurgence of Living Creatures," "Marvels of Instinctive Behavior," "Animal Intelligence."

G. Murray Levick's "The Antarctic Penguins," McBride, Nast & Co. have ready for publication. Dr. Levick was a member of the scientific staff of the Scott Antarctic expedition, and he describes with a graphic pen the curious social and community life of the penguin rookeries in the frozen south. The moving pictures from which the book is illustrated have given entertainment during the last year to many audiences.

Louis Untermeyer's article on "American Poetry" which Poetry and Drama, the English quarterly review, prints in its latest issue, is worth reprinting.

Sara Teasdale has a charming poem, "Night Song at Amain," in the April

Harper's Magazine. Arnold Bennett's new novel, "The Price of Love," is continued. Henry Seidel Canby of Yale defends the practice of teaching English composition in colleges with intelligence, under the title "Writing English."

George E. Woodberry's "North Africa and the Desert," having the Scribner imprint, will be an addition to that small group of books in which an author possessing the poetic vision registers the color and spirit of a region or a race.

"The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Drama," by C. V. Boyer of the University of Illinois, will have special interest because of the popular success during recent years of the modern stage villain. It will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mitchell Kennerly will publish shortly "With Walt Whitman in Camden," the third volume of Horace Traubel's appreciation of the "good gray poet."

McBride, Nast & Co. are publishing a book this spring that will introduce to American readers a form of English enjoyment of the road that ought to awaken much interest among lovers of camp and trail and leisurely countryside journeying. It is called "Caravaning and Camping Out," by J. Harris Stone, and tells how to travel around the country in a living van. Devotees of automobile touring and makers of automobiles will both find the book suggestive of possibilities.

Those who cultivate the gardening hobby will be interested in "Rock Gardening for Amateurs," by H. H. Thomas, which the Funk & Wagnalls Company is publishing this week. It has many illustrations from direct color photographs, as has also their "Wild Flowers as They Grow," by C. Clarke Nuttall.

Julia Ellen Rogers' "Tree Guide," which the Doubleday, Page Company have just brought out, is uniform in size and style with their series of pocket bird guides. It contains illustrations and descriptions of every tree east of the Rocky Mountains.

Francis Grierson, who can remember the "fascinating nonchalance and irresistible abandon" of Hortense Schneider, has an article in the English Review for March in which he recalls her successes in Offenbach's operas and pictures the Paris of the day when that composer's Fridays were events.

The Lyttel Boy

Some time there ben a lyttel boy
That wolde not renne and play,
And helpless like that little tyke
Ben allwais in the way.
"Goe, make you merrie with the rest,"
His weary moder cried;
But with a frown he caught her gown
And hong until her side.

That boy did love his moder well,
Which spake him faire, I ween;
He loved to stand and hold her hand
And ken her with his een;
His cosset bleated in the croft,
His toys unheeded lay,—
He wolde not goe, but, tarrying soe,
Ben allwais in the way.

Godde loveth children and doth gird
His throne with soche as these,
And he doth smile in plaiseance while
They cluster at his knees;
And some time, when he looked on earth
And watched the bairns at play,
He kenned with joy a lyttel boy
Ben allwais in the way.

And then a moder felt her heart
How that it ben to-torne,
She kissed eche day till she ben gray
The shoon he use to worn;
No bairn let hold untill her gown
Nor played upon the floore,—
Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy
Ben in the way no more!

—EUGENE FIELD.

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Here's a Thought for the Discriminating Advertiser

Sixty per cent of the California Club membership receives The Graphic weekly, a goodly share of the Jonathan Club members take it and in the University Club, Union League and the Beloved Sunset Club it has a fine representation.

Why? Because of the diversified, high-class character of its contents: Pungent editorials, current comment on world happenings, New York, London and San Francisco letters by brilliant writers, gossipy "By the Way" department, unique "Browsings" for lovers of old books, down-to-date literary page, comment on art and artists, unsurpassed music page, spirited dramatic critiques, giving a complete purview of the local stage, exclusive "Social and Personal" department, pithy and intelligent review of local security market and banking affairs generally.

The Graphic has been established eighteen years. Its reputation, its prestige and its circulation are steadily increasing. It is the only high-class weekly in Los Angeles that goes into the homes and the clubs, containing, as it does, reading matter so diversified that it is equally interesting to men and women who think for themselves.

No waste circulation. Every subscriber a possible purchaser for the best class of trade. Advertising rates are reasonable.

S. T. CLOVER - - - Editor and Publisher
THE GRAPHIC, 403-4 San Fernando Building, Los Angeles.

Pennsylvania Has Much Timber one-eighth of which is owned by the
Pennsylvania has about seven and state. The total value of the state's
one-half million acres of timber land, timber is \$139,000,000.

"Too Many Cooks" in Gotham

"TOO Many Cooks" "by and with Frank Craven is now running at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater. It is a comedy of the slightest variety, but it provides a pleasant vehicle for Mr. Frank Craven to be funny in his very nice way. It is a relief to see him exercise his gift against an innocuous background after that atrocious play "Bought and Paid For" in which he was a sordid relief in an unpleasantly sordid situation, tolerable only because of his very good playing. In "Too Many Cooks" the fun is clean, wholesome and innocuous. Albert Bennett has fallen in love in the springtime, and as is the way with lovelorn swains he decides to marry and to build a nice little nest for his pretty bird. He has been thrifty as his uncle's representative in a growing town and has saved enough to buy a little piece of ground in the suburbs and spend five thousand dollars on a simple little house.

At the rise of the curtain the contractor and the workmen are busily cleaning up the place, for the fiancé is coming out with her family to make an inspection. The foundations are done and the scaffolding ready to go up. But it is as finished a reality to Albert Bennett as though the rose bushes were really growing to the top of the veranda. Indeed, he can point out the exact outline of each room in the air and does for his friend Frank Andrews. The joys of married life are so vivid in his mind that he can hardly bear to have his friend remain single. It seems opportune that Frank has come on the very day when Alice will bring "the folks." Frank asks how many folks she will bring. That is something Albert has never thought of asking. When he has called he has only seen mamma and papa and so he concludes that by folks Alice means mamma and papa.

But the hack arrives and out of it descend not only mamma and papa but aunts, Louise and Emma, sisters, Bertha and Mary, Uncle Walter, and brothers Joe and Louis, and last but not least Ella Mayer, the bosom friend of Alice. That the sandwiches and ginger ale are hardly enough to go round prove only the beginning of Albert's troubles. The cooks mean to run the place. It is to be built as they direct and when it is built it is to be a dropping-in place for everybody and a home for Aunt Louise; the den that Albert has planned for himself is to be a sewing room for Alice if, indeed, it is not to be a bedroom for Aunt Louise. However, Albert is optimistic and he is sure that Alice is the sweetest girl in the world and the house progresses.

In the next act it has risen to its full height and the siding is going on. But there are rumors of a strike and the men are likely to be called out any minute. The Cooks arrive for their customary visit, simultaneously with Albert's Uncle George. Uncle George is magnificent. When he hears the plan for Albert's marriage he offers the house for a wedding present, and a promotion for Albert. But—there is always a but—the promotion is contingent upon the retiring of Uncle George and as he has always wanted a home he will come to live with Albert and Alice. It is all up with Aunt Louise. The Cooks can't stand that. Father turns out to be the head of the local union. He calls the men out on a strike. It seems likely that the house will never get finished. But Albert is stirred up by this time. Uncle George, outraged by a seeming hesitancy on the part of Alice to decide in favor of him and against Aunt Louise and of Albert to let him change the plans that have already been decided upon not only withdraws the new position but discharges nephew altogether and leaves him stranded.

Left alone, Albert decides that they shall not get the best of him. He will finish the house himself. And the curtain falls as he climbs the ladder with a bunch of shingles. He first hammers

his finger and then drops the shingles, but he does it with an air that makes you feel that the house will go up in spite of everything. And so it does. When the curtain comes up again it is a complete structure with a neat white fence about it. But Albert sadly nails up a "for sale" sign. Frank comes in and offers to buy the house at cost. He has succumbed to the wiles of friend Ella.

Ella arrives with the idea that she will bring the two quarreling lovers together. She does not at all approve Frank's buying the house for she has no idea of living in it and so it will be decidedly to her advantage to bring the other two together. Mamma and papa concludes to do the same thing. It finally ends with Alice and Frank making their own peace as Uncle George arrives with Minnie Spring whom he has decided to marry. He is so happy that he makes the original offer again and the curtain falls with everybody happy and Frank sits on his own porch with his arm about his own sweetheart Frank's buying the house, for she has concluded to do the same thing. It and slaps mosquitos to his heart's content. One can hardly take so slight a thing seriously, but it is worth encouraging Mr. Craven to go on trying his hand.

ANNE PAGE.

New York. April 13, 1914.

Dangerous New England

Boston Transcript: Report that wolves have been seen in Piscataquis county, Maine, this winter is not so surprising that it deserves to be dismissed as the coinage of imagination awed by the severity of the weather and the wildness of the region. Large areas of Piscataquis county are heavily forested and afford plenty of cover for stealthy four-footed predators driven by hunger to approach localities where wolves have been unknown for half a century. When we are asked to believe that wolves have been seen near Willimantic, Conn., we are disposed to suggest that the two "gray gaunt animals" that leave mysterious tracks on farmers' fields have either missed Winsted, or have escaped from winter quarters of some menagerie. The wolf and civilization are supposed to be deadly enemies. This is but a supposition, and we need not fear that the reappearance of wolves in New England means that we are relapsing into barbarism. Hunger renders the wolf bold. Wolves have been shot this winter within fifty miles of Paris, which we all know is a great center of civilization. Europe has been plagued with wolves ever since the cold weather set in, small packs representing the great hordes that shelter in the Polish forests.

London Professional Beggars

London Chronicle: There are many professional beggars in London who have original methods of extracting coin from a sympathetic and credulous public. You may perhaps have come across the distressed governess out of a situation who asks you in Oxford street the way to walk to Turnham Green, and is so staggered at the distance that you ask her to accept the bus fare. Then there is the transatlantic journalist stranded in the metropolis. He is too proud to seek aid from some of his millionaire friends at the Cecil, but if you could?—and perhaps you do. Most artistic of all mendicants is the old lady of grandmotherly appearance dressed in black silk. She is up in London for the day, and some one has robbed her of her purse. She had called on her solicitor, but unfortunately he was out. What shall she do? You give her the train fare and she promises to send the money on to you if you will give her your address. But if you are wise you decline, and thus escape a shoal of begging letters. For addresses of benevolent persons have a market value among the cadging fraternity.

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SEE AGENTS

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Can't Come Back This Way

Ohio State Journal: The papers announce that J. B. Foraker will be a candidate for United States senator, and in this connection they say he will make the tolls exemption law an issue. He will oppose repeal. This is very poor politics, for it will only divide the Republican party the more. And then it will constitute a most anomalous situation, since it will be a Republican candidate running on a Democratic platform. The Republican platform said nothing about tolls, but the Democratic platform specifically favors the exemption. President Wilson regards the platform so unjust and unwise that he will not stand on it. We heartily recommend the President for ignoring the Democratic platform and standing for the obligations of his country. Should Mr. Foraker be nominated on that issue, that would require the fierce fight to elect him.

To Use No More Barbed Wire

Forest officers in Washington and Oregon plan to discontinue the use of barbed wire on their forests. This will affect their own pastures and public drift fences. They say barbed wire has no advantage over smooth wire, that it injures stock and that it is more likely to be borne down by soft snow.

Yellow Poplar Tallest Tree

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Stocks & Bonds

With the deal for the refinancing of the Union Oil Company still in an unsettled state, a certain degree of suspense has continued to hang over operations this week on the local stock market. Uncertainty prevails concerning the outcome of negotiations so far as the exact character of the benefits which will accrue to Union are concerned. It is generally believed that a deal will be consummated which will result in the control of the big oil company ultimately passing into the hands of the British syndicate, represented here by Andrew Weir and R. Tilden Smith.

Los Angeles Investment stock has been under decided pressure and has made a new "low." It is now steadier, however. The market early in the week seemed to have less power to resist bearish attacks than usual.

Low-priced oil stocks continue to evidence a fair feeling, on gradually brightening prospects for a satisfactory federal land leasing law. National Pacific is selling "assessment paid," 34 cent. Maricopa Northern has been in slightly better demand. United Oil about holds its position around 22 cents; the lands of this company are not affected by the leasing bill, as is the case with most of the active low-priced issues.

Columbia Oil Producing Company has declared its regular quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent. Associated, West Coast and Caribou paid their regular dividends this week. Associated and Amalgamated still are unsteady. The latter made a new "low" for this movement of \$86.50. At the annual meeting of Mexican Petroleum Company held this week, Mrs. E. L. Doheny was elected a director of the company to succeed her brother-in-law, J. C. Anderson. The annual report of the company was not read at the meeting, which partook largely of an informal gathering.

Bonds, banks, stocks and industrials, with the exception of Los Angeles Investment, have continued quiet. Security Trust and Savings bank stock is slightly firmer. A few Producers' Transportation bonds have been traded in at 93¼. Mining issues have been rather lifeless.

The improvement in monetary conditions is slight.

Banks and Banking

There have been an unusual number of applications by state banks for conversion into national banks and for the organization of new banks under the national law since the federal reserve act was passed and signed. Controller of the Currency Williams said in his latest bulletin that since that date, December 23, 1913, requests from state or private banks for bank applications either for conversion or for life organization of national banks to succeed such banks numbered 184. Requests from individuals not connected with state or private banks but who desired to organize national banks numbered 147. Application blanks were furnished and 20 formal applications were received in March for conversion or reorganization and 22 for new organizations. In the same month 22 applications were approved, 15 of them being for conversion or reorganization. There are 204 applications pending, in the cases of sixty of which the applications have been approved, but organization

has not been completed. Ten banks were authorized in March to begin business, and at the end of the month an even 7,500 national banks were in existence, with authorized capital of \$1,069,969,675. Some of the conversions, are said to be due to the enactment of objectionable laws in various states, particularly in Mississippi. Of four applications to convert received last week one was in Mississippi, and of two authorizations to convert one was in Mississippi.

Plans for the consolidation of the National Reserve Bank and the National Bank of the Republic of Kansas City have been completed. The consolidated institution will bear the name of the National Reserve Bank and will have a capital of \$1,200,000. William Huttig, president of the National Bank of the Republic, will be president, and Dr. J. T. M. Johnson, president of the old National Reserve Bank, will be chairman of the board of directors. The capital of the National Bank of the Republic was \$500,000, that of the National Reserve was \$1,200,000—the same as that of the consolidated concern.

Savings deposits reported by the state banks of Chicago under date of April 4 last aggregate \$241,575,051, a decrease of \$1,317,866, compared with the total reported January 14. The recession shown, which reflects largely savings investments in securities, was even greater than the figures indicate, since the present list of banks contains four more institutions than were reported in January. The total savings deposits of these new banks was \$1,859,577, so that the real decrease was more than \$3,000,000.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Chicago will receive \$3,299,000 as its share of the net earnings for the last year of the surface street railways, according to the annual reports of the companies recently made public. Under the terms of a franchise granted to the surface lines about eight years ago, the city received 55 per cent of the net earnings. The traction fund which has accumulated since the franchise became effective and which is now in the city treasury, amounts to about \$14,000,000.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In and for the County of Los Angeles.
No. B-8869. Department No. 10.

In the matter of the application of Bolte Manufacturing Company, a corporation, for dissolution of said Corporation.
NOTICE is hereby given that Bolte Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, formed under the laws of the State of California, with its principal place of business in the city of Los Angeles, State of California, has presented to the Superior Court a petition praying that an order be made dissolving said corporation, and that Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time and the court room of department 10 of said Superior Court in the Court House in the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Witness my hand and seal of said Superior Court, this 24th day of March, 1914.
H. J. LELAND,
Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(Seal) F. J. ADAMS, Deputy.
NOLEMAN AND SMYSER,
Attorneys for Applicant

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ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW¼, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 55 acres, within the Angeles & Santa Barbara National Forests, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on May 14, 1914. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to May 14, 1914, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N½ SW¼ SW¼ Sec. 7, T. 1 N., R. 9 W., S. B. M., 5 acres, application of Mrs. Mary Shook, Azusa, California; List 5-1800. The NE¼ SE¼, the SE¼ NW¼ SE¼ Sec. 13, T. 6 N., R. 18 W., 50 acres, application of F. D. Maxwell, Roosevelt, California; List 5-2057.

JOHN McPAUL,
Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 30, 1913.

012937. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Felipe Neris Valenzuela, of Santa Monica, California, who, on April 23, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 012937, for N½NE¼, Sec. 27, S½SE¼, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of May, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Miller, C. O. Montague, Frank Slert, Charles Fannetti, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and
Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
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Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

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—should be sufficiently attractive not merely to draw people to it but after they have found it, should make them loath to go away, and when they have gone away it should cause them to want to hurry the time by until they can come back again.”

—“A Bookstore should be the repository not merely for Books but for

—“Book Knowledge—

—“Book Magnetism—

—“Book Enthusiasm—

—“A Bookstore should be a rendezvous for Booklovers.

—“A Bookstore should be constantly studying the desires of its customers and striving to satisfy those desires in the very best way it is possible to satisfy them.

—“Do you wonder that new Bookstore at Bullock’s is growing so rapidly and so well?

—“I’ve just been having a talk with a woman who knows more about books than any woman I’ve met in many a day—

—“I think she must know every book that was ever written—who wrote it, and where the inspiration came from—

—“I dropped into Bullock’s new Bookstore—just out of curiosity—to see the store itself. I’ve been hearing so

much about it, and such favorable comments!—

—“I’ve been wanting to get a book that I had been told was entirely out of print and which I had almost despaired of obtaining — and found, to my surprise and joy, that it had quite recently been re-issued in an entirely new edition, and I didn’t even have to wait to have it ordered, for Bullock’s had it right there on the shelves—Yes, I confess I was astonished, but I soon found that ‘unusual’ was written all over the attractive little ‘Bookery’—I had been busy recently, writing a sort of resume of 20th century poetry and had found it most difficult to find adequate reference material, but had I known of the excellent representation of modern verse that Bullock’s had, my task would have been simplified to absolute ease—Why, I found things which I didn’t know were printed, and I had such a perfectly delightful time I forgot all about it, and was late for an engagement—Did you hear that dramatic reading of Percy Mackeye’s ‘A Thousand Years Ago’ a few weeks since? Well, it was a rare treat, and because the lines were so hauntingly beautiful, I have been simply longing ever since to read it for myself, and was more than pleased

when a copy of it, done up in a neat and simple, but artistic, dress was called to my attention by this perfectly properly posted person, as being ‘New, and so very worth while’ — with which opinion I heartily agreed — As you so well know, it is somewhat rare, and always pleasing to find someone who is interested in, conversant with, and eager to discuss, the things one loves, in the way one loves them, and especially is this true of books, so I asked questions quite fast and furiously, and was told many things of interest— That there is a new book of poems by Alfred Noyes, the title being ‘The Wine Press’ —“Sounds ‘Omary’ doesn’t it? But it is really a narrative poem written around an incident in the Balkan war. I just sketched it, but it looked delightful, as are most things that celebrated Englishman has done — Then there is the ‘Idol Breaker’ by Charles Rann Kennedy! I remember you were quite crazy over his ‘Servant in the House’— several years ago; so this will probably interest you— I purchased several books of new fiction, among them Locke’s ‘Fortunate Youth’ which you MUST read—To me, Locke is ever a joy. I always feel whenever I read him that ‘age can not wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety,’ but in this, he has given us of his best —“I read it at one sitting, and simply revelled in its charm—also I found a book by Joseph Conrad which I judge is new, as I never saw

it before, and I have eagerly devoured everything of his I have ever been able to find, since I read ‘Youth’ and ‘Lord Jim’ years ago—It is called ‘Chance,’ and I am simply waiting for a chance to get at it—I asked about a book displayed in goodly quantities, and having a very colorful cover, called ‘Overland Red’ — anonymously published—and was told it was a typical California story, told in a typical California manner, by a supposedly typical California man—This supposition being based, (so this wise person informed me) on the fact that the writer knew California even as Thackeray knew his London—or Dumas, his Paris—His identity is to be divulged July 1st, meanwhile there will probably be much guessing and wondering—I could go on indefinitely and ‘enthuse,’ if you wish so to style it, much more vehemently, but I want you to ‘go where I have gone, and see what I have seen,’ and you will discover that I am not exaggerating the slightest iota, when I proclaim ‘Bullock’s New Bookery’ the kind of a ‘Bookstore’ which I think a ‘Bookstore’ should be, and it is so fast becoming a ‘Book Haven’ which is so differently delightful, and so definitely deserving of the praise given it on every side that I keenly regret not having discovered it earlier in the past, and shall certainly visit it as often as possible in the future—

—“For Books

—“For Book Knowledge

—“For Book Magnetism

—“For Book Enthusiasm”

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